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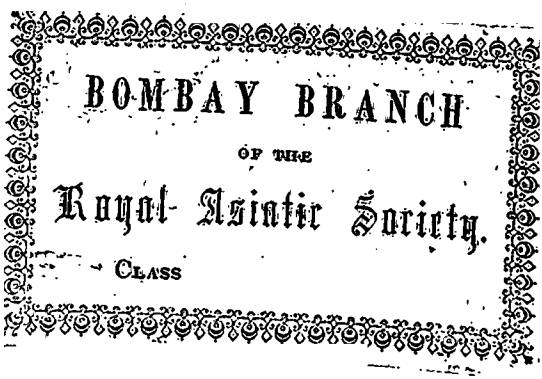

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SOLITARY WALKS

THROUGH MANY LANDS.

BY

DERWENT CONWAY:

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF ARDENNES," &c. &c.

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DEDICATION.

TO ———

Go, when the day fadeth
And eve draweth nigh;
Go, when the pale moon wadeth
Up, up the deep sky.

Go, when the calm sea dreameth,
With the stars in her cradled breast;
Go, when the bright heaven seemeth
Watching a lulled world's rest.

Go, when the night-wind playeth
With the weeds on the dewy grave;
Go, when the tired moon layeth
Her pillowed head on the wave.

Go, when silence giveth
The deepest of thoughts that be;
And oh! may the thought that liveth
The last, be a thought of me!

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HUNGARY.

HUNGARY.

A WEEK AMONG THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

I LEFT Rokus, a small village at the foot of the Carpathian Alps, on the 1st of August, 1825, to take a ramble among those mountains, the least explored of any of the great chains which traverse Europe. I was much importuned by the simple villagers of Rokus, to take a guide; and many stories were related to me, of chamois hunters, who had been caught in the mists, and who either died of cold and hunger, or had fallen down precipices; of gold hunters, who had entered caverns in search of treasures, but who had never found their way out again; and of some rash

persons, who had ventured into the recesses which are inhabited by vultures, and who had been torn to pieces; hints were even given, of certain supernatural intelligences, that watch over the bustard; and that, therefore, it would be prudent to avoid injuring that bird, if it should come in my way. To me, however, the whole pleasure of wandering through unknown countries, is destroyed by the presence of a guide: I had obtained a pocket compass before leaving Vienna, and with provisions in my wallet for a week, I thought I might defy most of the dangers of which these good people had warned me. I told them, that if a mist came on, I would not budge from the spot, and, therefore, could not fall down a precipice; as I was not going in search of treasures, I could not be lost in a cavern, as I should not enter any; and that as to the supernatural guardians of the bustard, I had no thoughts of trespassing upon their rights. "But the vultures?" said they; which, indeed, I had omitted in my catalogue; "Ay, true," said I, "I had forgotten the vultures, but I have this clasp knife, which will do for them." The good people of Rokus were not convinced, however, that the knife was a match for the vultures, and it was therefore finally agreed, that if I failed to return at the end of a week, they might suppose I was eaten. As I did not return by way

of Rokus, but passed into Galicia, I have no doubt that to this day the inhabitants of Rokus believe that I have fallen a prey to vultures, and that the catastrophe will for ever form one of their mountain traditions.

It might be about seven in the morning when I left Rokus. During the first two hours, my path lay in a gradual ascent through a thick pine forest; I then entered a deep stony ravine, which stretched for several miles into the heart of the mountains; here, I still felt myself connected with the world I had left behind; for I had only to turn round, and the pine forest, and the distant low country, and the curling smoke of the village were all visible. After pursuing this narrow valley to its head, I found it branch off to the right and left,—the turn to the right seeming rather to descend—and that to the left, rising among steep stony slopes, strewed with huge blocks of granite, and the peaks of the higher mountains, towering in magnificent confusion before me. I chose the latter glen, and was soon ingulfed among the mountains. Nothing could be wilder or more desolate, than the valley I was now traversing; there was not even a brook, to murmur something like life; but I was only setting out on my solitary ramble through the mountains, and had no right to expect any thing else, than solitude and wildness.

I must have walked not less than twelve miles, when I reached the head of the glen I had been following; it was closed in by steep slopes, at least a thousand feet in altitude, and by no means easy of ascent, from the great numbers of loose stones which lay upon them; but as there were no materials in the valley I had traversed, for making a fire, I determined to ascend the slope, especially as it yet wanted several hours of night-fall. It was a most toilsome ascent; and often as I paused to take breath, and saw the black stones scattered every where around me, it recalled to my mind, that story in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, of the Black Mountain, and the Prince who toiled up its stony side, in search of the speaking bird, the golden water, and the singing tree.

At length I reached the top, and found myself upon the edge of a small plain, about a mile in diameter, bounded on every side, excepting where I had clambered up, by very high rocks, and in the centre of it, a small lake, with some large fragments of stone scattered round it. Here I saw the *chamois* for the first time in my life; it was standing beside the lake; and I had not advanced three paces forward, when it bounded away towards the rocks, and found an exit, where the barrier seemed to me inaccessible.

Here then, said I to myself, must be my first night's quarters! for even if it should be possible to pass the rocks, I might not find any place so sheltered; and besides, I saw with pleasure, plenty of *krumholz* among the rocks, which insured me a comfortable fire, whenever I chose to make one. It was far too early as yet, however, to think of rest,—and as for fire, I felt no occasion for it, although the elevation I had reached could not have been less than 2000 feet above the level of the plain. I therefore walked round the lake, and then sat down upon one of the stones that lay close to the brink.

It is, I think, when we are farthest from home, that recollections of home, and of the scenes connected with it, are the most vivid; upon the same principle, perhaps, that we recollect with more distinctness, the scenes which belong to child hood, than those that are comparatively but of yesterday. There are times too, in which we live our feelings over again; not only when we recollect places we have visited, and countenances we have beheld, and words that have been spoken; but when we see, and hear, with the precise sensations which we formerly experienced, so that we need not study *Des Cartes*, or the writings of any other philosopher, for proofs of our personal identity.

Into such a mood I fell, while seated beside the solitary lake, among the Carpathian mountains:—and oh, it is a pleasant mood, that dreamy state of existence! when fancy wanders as she will, and conducts us whithersoever she may; when visions come and go, without our knowing why, or wherefore; when we find ourselves among scenes long forgotten; when, with the magic of truth, events which till then had slept long years in oblivion, suddenly come before us; and when, in all this, we are conscious of no effort, nor are able to detect the links of association: now, with the living—and now, with the dead—in our native land—among strangers—in society—in solitude—in infancy—in childhood—in youth. I cherish such moods as these, for I cannot but think, that to meditate upon the scenes of childhood and youth, mollifies the heart and betters it. The recollections of young feelings, and all the pure and gentle things which form the atmosphere of childhood, communicate to the mind, a portion of their own soft spirit; and if we find in the review, that a larger stain of earth is now mingled with our feelings, there is at the same time born within us, an aspiration after the greater purity and holiness, which once belonged to us—and, perhaps, something of a resolution to attain it.

When I sat down by the side of the lake, I might have said, with Wordsworth,

"The sun on drearier hollow never shone:"

but the sun, soon afterwards, sunk to my bounded horizon, and I was recalled from my mental wanderings, by the increasing chillness of the atmosphere. Upon looking up, I saw a low mist beginning to creep over the lake; the distant snowy peaks were still bright in the sunbeams, but the little plain, within the amphitheatre of rocks, was left to the sombreness of approaching twilight. It was time, therefore, to make some arrangements for the night; and I accordingly left my seat, and went towards the rocks to gather krumholz, and to look out for some sheltered spot, where I might make myself comfortable until morning.

When I arrived at the rocky boundary of the plain, I found it full of fissures, some of them wide and long, and exceedingly well adapted for shelter and warmth. While walking leisurely along, looking into each fissure as I passed, that I might select one for my quarters, I thought I observed smoke rising from the extremity of one of the widest and deepest. I stopped, and looked more attentively, and was convinced I was not deceived; but what could be the occasion of it?

I concluded it must be some natural exhalation, or perhaps fire, occasioned by lightning—for thunder had been repeatedly heard among the mountains the day before; and I was congratulating myself upon my good fortune in having probably found a fire ready kindled, when I fancied I heard a sound as if of something striking the rock at irregular intervals. This was a new source of wonder; I knew of no animal that had the power of making these sounds, excepting some of the feathered tribe which were not natives of these regions: it must be human beings then; sometimes the sound ceased, but in a minute or two it always recommenced. I determined, at length, to make myself master of the secret, and proceeded cautiously up the fissure. The sounds became more audible, and the smoke more visible as I went onwards; and, at length, having reached a huge block of granite which stood in the middle, and had intercepted my view, the mystery was revealed to me. Beside a blazing fire, two men were seated, engaged in some culinary preparation, and another man was walking towards the fire, holding in one hand some iron implement, and a sack over his shoulder. It may easily be supposed, that I did not immediately advance, but took advantage of the rock, which effectually screened me, to

observe more accurately the strangers whom the chances of travel had made my neighbours.

By this time, the fissure could only boast of a dim twilight; and all the space beyond the rock which concealed me, was lighted more by the flame, than by the remnant of day-light; so that the countenances, paraphernalia, and occupations of the men were all distinctly visible. They seemed not to be Hungarians. Their stature, their features, their dress, were each different from those which distinguished the natives of any part of Hungary I had visited. A gun lay upon the ground; and a few paces from the fire, a large shaggy dog crouched, and seemed to be asleep. The men were conversing but little, and were solely occupied in preparing something for a repast. I never for a moment imagined they could be banditti; for what could robbers expect to find in such a neighbourhood? besides, although they were poorly clad, and had altogether, what might be called a vagabond look, I could perceive nothing ferocious or licentious in their countenances. All at once it occurred to me, that they might be gold-hunters, a species of alchymists, of whom I had heard something at Kesmark; and the moment this idea took possession of me, I felt so convinced of the truth of my conjecture that I immediately determined to join the circle.

The dog alone gave me uneasiness; but I trusted to the authority of his masters, and the probability of his being asleep.

I had advanced but a very few paces when they perceived me; and, at the same instant, the dog bounded forward with a loud angry bark, but was instantly called back by his master. The meeting appeared to be as much a subject of wonder on their part, as the first discovery of their encampment had been upon mine. My history was soon told; and I was informed in return, that I had fallen into the company of jewel-hunters,—and possibly suspecting that I might not be altogether free from alarm, they added, that their profession was a harmless one, and that with them I might consider myself in perfect safety; and they invited me, moreover, to sit down with them, and partake of the marmot which they had roasted for supper. I accepted the invitation, but preferred my own smoked venison to the marmot, which is at no time very delicate eating, and, upon this occasion, it was not much indebted to the art of cookery. I treated them to a cup of corn brandy each, which they appeared to consider a rarity, and which put them all in high spirits. They told me theirs was a very merry life, and that they had no doubt a lucky hit would one day or other make them all

rich; and one of them treated the party to a song, which, I believe, was in praise of their trade, and expressive of their hopes. They had come, they said, from the neighbourhood of Kostalesko, on the Galician side of the mountain, and had now reached the farthest point they intended to travel on the Hungarian side; next morning they proposed to set out on their return, and expected to be at Kostalesko on the fourth day; and said, that if I would join company with them, I would have an opportunity of seeing the Galician side of the mountains, which they assured me were far more worthy of observation than those in this neighbourhood.

The proposal pleased me extremely; not so much from curiosity to see the mountains, as from a desire to know more of the trade and habits of this singular race of visionaries. I, therefore accepted their offer, and we soon afterwards lay down, after having heaped krumholz upon the fire, and having agreed to be off by sunrise. The jewel-hunters were asleep in a moment, and I soon afterwards followed their example. I awoke the first, but was obliged to lie still until the jewel-hunters awoke, because, whenever I attempted to stir, the dog began to growl, and I have little doubt would have sprung upon me if I had risen. In about half-an-hour I was released

from my bondage; and, after a hearty breakfast and a glass of brandy, we began our march.

As we were walking along, I questioned my companions as to the profits of their trade, which they admitted were but scanty; but they lived in hope, and had no doubt whatever that their toils would be amply rewarded in the end. This however was not, I found, the only reason for their continuance in an occupation so profitless and so laborious. They were jewel-hunters by descent; and spoke as if it would be an insult to the memory of their fathers, were they to relinquish the trade; their grandfather had left injunctions in his will (which contained besides, a narrative of his life), to follow the occupation as he had done. This curious document they offered to show to me, when we reached their abode. They were all three brothers: the youngest turned thirty, and all married.

About mid-day we reached an elevation, from which a very curious spectacle presented itself;—it was an extensive level, perhaps five miles across, entirely encompassed by a rocky wall; and upon the plain, thousands of rocks, of all forms and dimensions, stood separately—giving to the whole area the appearance of the site of a vast city, now crumbled into ruins; not one blade of vegetation was to be seen, and the only living creature

was a single vulture, which stood upon one of the pinacles of the rocks, and which flew, at our approach, to a rock a little farther distant. This plain, my companions informed me, was where jewel-hunters usually sought for *lapis lazuli*. They intended to remain several hours upon it, and offered to furnish me with a hammer, if I chose to make trial of their occupation. I accepted their gun in preference, in the hope of shooting the vulture, which still hovered near us: but I was soon tired of following it, for it never allowed me to come sufficiently near to make trial of my skill; I therefore, gave up the pursuit; and, placing my gun in a spot where I could find it again, wandered over this desolate scene, to pass the time until the jewel-hunters had filled their sacks with riches. So enticing, however, had the pursuit proved to them, that it was evening before the sound of the hammers ceased, and this dreary plain was left to its natural silence. It was too late to proceed further,—the place we were in, afforded shelter, and two of the party were dispatched in search of fuel, taking the gun along with them, in case they should meet with a marmot.

Being left with but one companion, I requested him to relate to me some of the traditions which were current among the Carpathian mountains;

and gave him a morsel of my venison, and a little brandy, before I disposed myself to listen to him. I found, that the superstitions and traditions of the Galician side of the Alps were different from those of the Hungarian side. The jewel-hunter had never heard of any race of supernatural beings, who watch over the destinies of the bustard; nor of any adventurous persons having been attacked and devoured by vultures; nor of jewel-hunters having been lost in caverns. His traditions were of a different description, relating chiefly to a race of dwellers in the mountains, who take charge of the carbuncle treasures, which are rich beyond all imagination, and have never yet been seen by mortal, save once. I, of course, inquired if he knew how this exception had occurred; and he, accordingly, related to me as much as he knew of—

THE LEGEND OF THE CARBUNCLE VALLEY.

MANY years ago, there lived near Kostalesko, a poor man, named Korabinsky, who gained his livelihood by making wicker baskets, in which his children, a son and a daughter, assisted him. One day, Korabinsky sent his son to gather willows, which grew in great numbers in a narrow valley, that reached a great way into the mountains. Little Carlowvitz went a long way up the stream which crept through the valley, gathering saplings, till, when he was thinking of returning, he saw a young bustard hopping on the ground, a few yards before him; he immediately forgot his work, and the distance he had come, in the hope of capturing the beautiful bustard, which kept hopping on before him, till at length he reached the head of the valley, when the bird flew up among some rocks, Carlowvitz following as fast as he could. At length, the

bustard ran into a narrow cleft, and now Carlowvitz thought he was sure of it. But when he entered the cleft, he could nowhere find the bustard; but at the extremity, he perceived something that dazzled his eyes with its brilliancy, and which allured him still farther. It was a brilliant gem, of the richest glowing red, and as large as a bustard's egg. Carlowvitz was transported with his prize, though, indeed, he did not know the value of it, and reached up his hand to make himself master of it. The moment he touched it, it fell, and rolled down a steep slope beneath the rock which Carlowvitz had not before noticed. The light of the gem guided him in the pursuit, and he followed the glittering prize as fast as he could. At length the slope terminated, and the gem stopped.

Carlowvitz now found himself in a deep valley, with the sky above him, but gigantic rocks hemming it on every side;—and what magnificent rocks! they were all the same as the stone which lay at Carlowvitz's feet (for wonder had prevented him from taking it up); and in the middle of the valley, a great many men stood in a circle; and in the centre of it, another man stood, and every now and then, he tossed high into the air, such another gem as Carlowvitz had followed, only three or four times larger; and

then each of the men in the circle shot at it from a cross-bow, and when the gem was hit, great shouts and laughter followed, so that the whole valley reverberated. While Carlowvitz stood wondering and admiring, the game ended, and the players sat down to a table covered with vessels, all of the same transparent red, and smoking with the most savoury scents. Carlowvitz, who had not eaten any thing for a long while, felt a desire to partake of the feast,—and first picking up the gem, and putting it into his breast, he walked towards the table; instantly the company stood up, and welcomed him. "This," said the master of the feast, presenting Carlowvitz with a young bustard which was hopping upon the table, and which he knew to be the same he had followed up the valley, "this bustard you will take with you; it is a present from us, to your sister Ponieena; it will every day lay an egg, the same as that you have in your bosom; but Ponieena must take care never to lose sight of it, and when she goes out, she must always take it with her." Carlowvitz could not understand how these merry little men knew he had a sister, named Ponieena, nor yet how they knew he had put the red shining stone in his bosom; but he was very well satisfied with the present of the bustard, and glad that he was allowed to keep the shining

stone; and when he had eaten and drank as much as he could, the master of the feast led him to the entrance of the valley, charging him strictly, that he should tell no one what he had seen, but only that the bustard was a present to his sister, and the red gem to his father, who would never need to make baskets any more.

Carlowvitz went home in high glee, thinking how happy he was about to make both Ponieena and his father: but things were not exactly as he expected to find them. His father, whom he left a stout man of fifty, now seemed greatly older; and he hardly knew his sister Ponieena, who, from a little child of ten years old, had grown a fine young woman. Both of them shrieked as soon as he appeared, and Ponieena fled out of the cottage; but as an apparition of a child (for Carlowvitz looked still only twelve years old), has nothing very terrific in it, Korabinsky began to listen to what his son had to say. Carlowvitz assured his father that he went up the valley in search of saplings that same morning; but his father assured him that it was ten years that very day since he left his house; and corroborated his saying, by asking his son if he saw no difference in his father and sister?—though indeed old Korabinsky was sadly puzzled by the appearance of his son, who was

just the child of twelve years old, that he was ten years ago. As nothing more could be known, each was fain to put up with things as they were. Ponieena was delighted with her bustard, which, indeed, was no wonder, for not another tame bustard was to be found in all Galicia; and as for Korabinsky, he had strong suspicions that the red gem was a jewel of value, and secretly determined to carry it to the next fair at Cracow.

Next day Ponieena went out with her bustard in her bosom, and Carlowvitz along with her, and took the road to the sapling valley; and as she was stooping to look at a black and green caterpillar, which was feeding upon the leaves of an Alpine anemone, the bustard flew out of its hiding place, and hopped away before her. Ponieena pursued it; but still the bustard hopped farther, until at length it reached the head of the valley, and then, as it had done before, it flew among the rocks. Ponieena was soon at the head of the cleft, so speedily did she run after her bustard; and before Carlowvitz could reach it, Ponieena was almost at the extremity. Carlowvitz saw the bright gem, as he had the time before; and almost at the same instant he heard it fall,—and when he got into the farthest part of the cleft, he could neither find Ponieena, nor the slope by which he had formerly descended into the valley.

Many a day afterwards, did they seek for Ponieena, but never could learn any tidings of her; but when old Korabinsky died, twenty years afterwards, a lady young and beautiful, and who could be no other than Ponieena, covered with gems, and with an opal crown upon her head, came, and walked with the funeral to the grave. The red gem that Carlowvitz gave to his father, proved to be the finest carbuncle that had ever been seen above ground, and made the fortunes of the family, having been sold to the Emperor of Germany, for a million of florins!

THE jewel-hunter had scarcely made an end of his story, when his two companions appeared, laden with grass and furze, but without having met with any success in their search after marmots. This was no small disappointment to my fellow-travellers; but as they calculated upon arriving at Kostalesko in three more days, and as I had provided store for a week, my supply of smoked venison admitted of division. Another luxury also we were supplied with here;—in the

course of my forenoon ramble, I had discovered a beautiful spring of water, welling out of a small fissure among the rocks which encompassed the plain. I fetched some of it,—and with a blazing fire, and hot brandy and water, and under the shelter of a huge rock, we appeared, and I may say for myself, felt as happy, as if we had been under a comfortable roof, and within ten minutes' walk of a market town.

The night proved rather chill. I awoke as early as five o'clock; the fire seemed to have gone out a long time before, and I was extremely cold, and very thirsty; but as I was now better acquainted with the dog than I had been the first day, I had no occasion to stand upon ceremony with him,—and my companions being still asleep, I ran as far as the spring, and enjoyed as delicious a draught of water as ever slaked the thirst of a mountain wanderer.

About half an hour afterwards, we started upon our day's journey, which I was apprised would prove one of no ordinary exertion, as this day we should be obliged to go through the highest, and most difficult passes. From the top of the boundary rock, which we scaled with some difficulty, the rugged plain we had left, presented a singular and beautiful appearance. The ground was entirely covered with mist, which

might easily have been mistaken for water; the tops of the rocks which strewed the plain, rose above the mist, less or more according to their altitude, and were gilded by the rising sun; so that the whole bore the exact resemblance of a lake studded with countless islands, or the ruins of a vast city which had been overflowed by the ocean.

The day's journey proved to be, indeed, one of great toil, and some danger. We crossed many deep ravines, in which we were more than once startled by enormous stones bounding down the sides of the mountain, the least of which would have crushed us to atoms. About mid-day, we encountered a severe storm of wind and hail, during which it was utterly impossible to proceed, and this, while we were in the midst of one of those passes, when one yard to the right or left, made all the difference between life and death! We soon after passed the greatest elevation, and I was then informed by my companions, that we were in Galicia. Mountain boundaries do not, however, separate countries by any thing more definite than an imaginary line: we leave the one, and penetrate a great way into the other, without perceiving that the distinctive characters are changed.

Nothing that is worthy of being recorded, happened in the course of the rest of this, and

the next day's journey. We traversed every variety of mountain scenery, and saw, by turns, all those striking, and splendid natural phenomena, which it is so fertile in producing. I have no doubt, I crushed under my feet many a rare plant of Alpine growth, which the botanist would have esteemed "a pearl beyond all price;" and that I wished at the devil, many a hard-pointed stone that a mineralogist would have carried round his neck from "Dan to Beersheba," without complaining of his burden. However, I jogged pleasantly along, up one hill, and down another, admiring the mists and the rain-bow, the rocks and the water-falls, and caring very little, although the *campanula carpatica* was trodden under foot.

At length, about three in the afternoon of the fourth day, a distant speck was pointed out to me as Kostalesko! We had immerged from the mountains early in the morning, and during the day, had caught some beautiful glimpses over Galicia; the mountains first degenerated into hills, and from hills into knolls, prettily variegated with woods, which were full of the *vaccinia* berry; limpid streams flowed swiftly through the valleys; patches of corn, here and there, lay in low sunny places, and herds of cattle—the sure accompaniments of human habitation—began to be seen, spotting the green slopes.

The jewel-hunters' hut was not in Kostalesko, but about a German league out of it; and there we arrived before night-fall. Two women were sitting at the door spinning, with distaffs, a sight so unusual, that it immediately reminded me of Southey's Thalaba, and of some of the stories in the collections of Fairy Tales, that used to delight the years of my childhood. They seemed pleased at the return of their husbands, who testified equal joy in meeting with their wives. The anxious inquiry was, what success?—and when the jewel-hunters emptied their sacks, the women spoke as fluently of the worth of their contents, as if they had been lapidaries; and although I understood almost nothing of the conversation, I could easily perceive, that there is such a thing as petticoat government among the Carpathian Mountains,—and that there, as elsewhere, some marriages are made in heaven, and some in " t'other place."

I was accommodated with a good clean straw bed, and supped sumptuously upon new laid eggs, while the female part of the family showed great dexterity in dispatching the remainder of my smoked venison. My mountain ramble being at an end, I had no wish to loiter in the neighbourhood of Kostalesko. One of the jewel-hunters had mentioned, however, that his grandfather's will

contained two very unusual digressions; one, an injunction never to desert the trade which he had followed,—and the other, a narrative of his life. This latter I was anxious to see, and reminded his descendant that he had promised to show it to me. I found the narrative possessed of that kind of interest which arises from novelty; and although I cannot promise the reader any great diversity of incident, or variety of character, in its perusal; it may possibly have some attractions from its mere simplicity: at all events, as the race of gold and jewel hunters, which, I believe, is a race peculiar to the Carpathian Mountains, is little known, and as this is probably the only document of its kind that ever fell into the hands of a traveller—or, perhaps, ever was penned—I should hardly have been justified in withholding it from the public.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A JEWEL-HUNTER.

I WAS about fourteen years old, when my father carried me to the great fair of Cracow, whither he went to purchase tools for his business, which was that of a lapidary, and which he carried on at Michlinitz. The size of the town, the magnificence of the buildings, the crowds that thronged the streets, and the novelty and beauty of the wares, surprised and delighted me; but nothing enchanted me so much as the model of the citadel in salt, which, according to the usual custom, was placed in the great square, upon a pedestal of marble.

As we walked along one side of the square, looking for the shop of a merchant from whom my father wished to purchase some stones, we saw a great crowd collected before a door at some little distance; and as we came nearer, it proved to be the shop of the identical merchant

whom my father sought. So great was the crowd, that we were unable to approach nearer than within twenty yards of the door; and as my father pushed forward, anxious to dispatch his business, "what now," said a fellow in the throng, "softly, if you please; do you think nobody wants to see the opal but yourself?" "What opal is it," said my father, addressing a man who stood beside him, "that excites so much curiosity?" "Have you not heard," replied the man, "of that wonderful opal, that Schmidt the jewel-hunter found in the mountains, and which has just been bought for the king, at the price of 100,000 florins?" My father was now as anxious to see the opal as anybody else; and when he had succeeded in reaching the shop, the merchant took my father and myself into a back room, carrying the opal along with him, that the business upon which we came might be transacted more quietly; telling the crowd that besieged the door, that the opal was not to be seen any more that day.

My father and the merchant immediately began to make their bargains, leaving the examination of the opal until their business should be concluded, while I all the while kept the precious stone in my hand, looking at it, and admiring it, and thinking of its extraordinary value. I was entirely ignorant of the worth of jewels, and although my

father was a lapidary, scarcely could distinguish between one stone and another; for my mother having resolved that I should follow the profession of the law, I had been put to school at an early age, and was, therefore, more an adept at my books, than a judge of precious stones; I knew, however, that the stone I held in my hand had been purchased by the king for 100,000 florins, and as one florin even, seemed to me an inexhaustible sum, 100,000 florins might well baffle my utmost powers of conception. At length the merchant and my father having finished their business, turned their attention to the opal, and discoursed in the most extravagant terms of its extraordinary beauty and value, and of the wonderful good fortune of the finder,—all of which made a deep impression upon me. As we passed from the merchant's house through the square, I importuned my father to show me the exhibition of an Armenian juggler; but he refused me, saying it would cost half a florin. Half a florin, thought I—only half a florin; and this jewel-hunter has found a gem worth 100,000! All the way from Cracow to Michlinitz, I was occupied with these thoughts, and every minute was turning my head to look at the mountains, almost expecting to see the colours of the opal reflected from some sun-gilt cliff.

A few days after my father returned home, he fell sick; and notwithstanding the advantage of an excellent constitution, and all the care of my mother, and the medicines of the physician, he sunk under the disease, and died at the end of eight days, leaving his family but slenderly provided; and me, his only son, with his wits for patrimony, and the world, the sphere in which they were to be exercised.

It was now out of the question to think of breeding me for the law; I must be apprenticed to some trade; and my head being still full of the opal, I petitioned to be placed under the care of a lapidary. My mother consented,—and I accordingly took up my abode in a garret, in which there were abundance of precious stones to feast my eyes upon, and preserve the recollection of the opal, and the 100,000 florins. I was anxious to learn my trade, and yet I worked but little at it. An indistinct dream of kingly wealth, and embryo projects of acquiring it, floated in my brain. The window of my garret looked into the country, the long chain of the Carpathian mountains bounding the prospect; and, in place of polishing stones and learning my business, I used to spend at least every alternate half-hour standing at my window, thinking of Schmidt and his opal, and his 100,000 florins; and as I took my

seat again, saying to myself, aloud, "I see no reason why I, as well as Schmidt, may not find an opal."

During all this time, I never communicated my thoughts to my mother; I told her, indeed, at times, that one day or other I should make the fortune of the family,—by which she understood, that I intended to become an expert lapidary, and so acquire independence.

About three years passed away thus; and at the end of that time, I requested leave from my master to go and see an uncle, who lived at Dunavitz, and who was a breeder of cattle. My uncle, however, was but a secondary consideration in my mind; I determined to make this journey subservient to my first trial of fortune; and, accordingly, provided myself secretly with a hammer, and with such other tools as I thought might be useful. My uncle received me with great kindness, as did also, my aunt and cousins; and when I told them I had been apprenticed three years to a lapidary, and had already acquired considerable skill in stones, and that my master had sent me for a few days to practice my knowledge among the mountains (which falsehoods, God I trust will forgive me), I was liberally supplied with every thing requisite; a sack was filled with eatables, and I was

furnished with tinder, and a knife to cut krumholz, and many other little necessaries and comforts; and with the good wishes of all the family, and injunctions to return in four days, I slung my sack over my shoulder, and marched away, to begin my career as a *jewel-hunter*.

Nothing could be more buoyant, than my spirits were, as I began to ascend the inclined plane, that led to the foot of the mountains. I felt as if all the riches they contained, were one day or other to be my own. This was the very peak I had seen so often from my garret window; this was the very chain among which Schmidt had found the opal; and who could tell, if he had found a jewel worth a 100,000 florins, that there might not be other jewels in the mountains, worth ten times as much. With these pleasant fancies, I at length reached the mouth of a narrow valley, that seemed to me the entrance to the abodes of Plutus. I soon fell to work, making the valley re-echo with the blows with which I belaboured the rocks, and continued my exertions without finding any thing that in the least resembled a jewel, until I was obliged to stop from mere exhaustion; this was rather disheartening; but I consoled myself by coming to the conclusion, that I had not yet penetrated far enough into the mountain. It was not so pleasant to sleep upon

the mountain side, as even in my garret; but this was an inconvenience that I knew must be submitted to, and I felt persuaded that next day my labours would turn to more account.

I awoke at least two hours before day-break, and longed for the light with as much impatience as if I needed light only, to shew me the path to exhaustless treasures. Long before the highest mountain peaks were tipped with the sunbeams, I was making my way over rocks and torrents, hastening to a more distant ravine, not a bit daunted by the unsuccessful labours of the day before, but on the contrary, with the fullest expectations; if not of an opal as good as Schmidt's, of at least something sufficient to verify my predictions of good fortune. This day I half filled my sack; not indeed with opals, but with stones and ores, which I promised myself were a handsome reward for my labour. Schmidt, thought I, did not find his opal the first time he went among the mountains; I must not be too hasty in my ambition. The next morning I began to retrace my steps, filling my sack as I went along, and arrived, at the close of the third in place of the fourth day, at my uncle's house. Great congratulations followed the display of my riches. "This," said I, "is garnet, this is lapis lazuli, this is gold ore; but I have

found no opal yet:" "all in good time," said my uncle, "and how much is all this worth?" "Certainly, not less," said I, "than three hundred florins!" My uncle looked somewhat incredulous; my aunt said something about the small profits of cattle-breeding, when money was to be picked up in this way by children; and my cousins, who were all females, and some years younger than myself, looked upon me as the most wonderful youth in Galicia.

Next day I took my leave, carrying my treasures, of course, along with me; but knowing very well, that more than one half of them were worthless, and that I had exaggerated their value to my uncle, I stopped on the bank of a little stream, and after a rigid examination of the contents of my sack, threw more than half into the water, making myself sure that what I had reserved, was worth a hundred and fifty florins, at least. I went to my master's house, before presenting myself at home, and found him at work. "I have brought something with me," said I, emptying the sack upon the ground, and laying a handful upon the table at which he was working; he took up one, and then another, without saying any thing, for he was a man of few words, and slightly glancing at them, threw them into a corner, which he made the receptacle for rubbish.

One handful after another, I laid upon the table, and each specimen was in its turn, consigned to the corner; the last handful was produced, and in it, there was one specimen, upon which my hopes were chiefly grounded, and upon which I had made some marks, when I displayed my riches to my uncle. He looked more narrowly at this specimen, than he had at the others, but ended by throwing it where he had thrown the rest, and saying, "All rubbish my boy, so get to your business." My hopes then were at an end; and the three hours that intervened between and bed-time, were the most unhappy hours of my life.

As I lay in bed, sleepless, ruminating upon the failure of all my brilliant expectations, it suddenly occurred to me, that possibly my master might be mistaken, and that the jewel which I had marked, might be judged differently of by some other lapidary; and getting up, I crept softly down stairs into my master's workshop, and lighted a small lamp at the expiring embers of a fire, which he had been using in some of his operations. I then began to search among the rubbish for the stone which was marked, but I could no where find it; one after another I held them to the lamp, and repeated over and over again, the same toilsome examination, till at length, weary of my unsuccessful labour, I sat down upon the

chair before my master's table, which was strewed with the instruments he had used in polishing a beautiful jacinth, that lay with the polished side towards me. I took it up; it was the very stone I had been seeking for. My plan was speedily arranged: I seized upon the stone, stole back to my chamber, dressed myself as quickly as I could, and although it was not much after midnight, took the road to Cracow; leaving a line for my master, informing him, that having discovered him to be a thief, I had left his service, and had taken with me my own jewel, which my uncle could prove to be mine, by a mark, which I had made upon it. I found no difficulty in disposing of my jewel; the same merchant whom I had visited along with my father, gave me a hundred florins for it, and congratulated me upon having begun my career so favourably; and next day I returned home with a present for each member of the family, and with more than eighty florins in my pocket.

There was now no question as to my future trade; my first attempt had met with more success than any one excepting myself, anticipated; and although I had not yet found an opal, I had no great cause to be dissatisfied, and looked upon the acquisition of riches, as the easiest thing imaginable.

The money that my jacinth fetched, served to equip me for my next expedition. I left forty florins at home, and set out for Kostalesko, on my nineteenth birth-day, with the blessings of a mother, and the good wishes of three sisters; all of whom I promised to portion handsomely, as soon as I had found an opal worth but 20,000 florins. All three looked upon their portions as already secured, and as I walked out of Michlinitz, I did not forget to cast my eye upon the fields on either side, in the view of making up my mind as to the most eligible site for building a house upon, with the produce of my labours.

The first day on which I set out upon my travels, and when just entering the mountains, I overtook two men, well advanced in years, whose tattered garments, and squalid faces, denoted the extremest poverty and wretchedness. I fell into conversation with them, and learned that they were gold-hunters. "Why" said I, "do you not rather follow the trade of jewel-hunting?" secretly pleased, however, that I had not found rivals in my own occupation. They only smiled at me, and I in my turn pitied the delusion that had kept them poor all their lives, instead of buying a castle and rearing horses, as Schmidt had done.

Almost every day during a year, I spent less or more of it among the mountains; sometimes

my labours were rewarded, but oftener, I found nothing worth so much as a few groshen; yet, never during all this time did my hopes diminish, nor did my continued toil become in the smallest degree irksome. Every morning, I sprang from my bed full of eager anticipation, and every night, longed for the morning, that I might recommence my search; days of unrewarded toil, I looked upon only as procrastinations of my good fortune; each rising sun brought new expectation along with it, and if one blow of the hammer did not loose an opal from the rock, I thought a second might.

At length, one day, at the expiration of nearly a year from the day I left home, a stone dropt into my hand, that had all the distinguishing marks of a valuable opal. I eagerly proceeded to polish a part, and the varied hues of the opal flashed upon my delighted eye. Now then, said I to myself, the day of my reward has arrived. The stone I had found was little inferior in size to that which I had held in my hand in the merchant's back shop at Cracow,—the look of which I yet remembered so distinctly; and I felt assured it could not be worth less than 50,000 florins.

As I bent my steps homewards, I employed myself in that most agreeable of all occupations, planning the distribution and assortment of riches,

which I felt assured were on the eve of being mine. The close of the third day brought me to the threshhold of my own door; and I was welcomed with those true greetings, which a son after long absence, may expect to find from a mother's love. My countenance soon told the extent and importance of my secret; and the opal was drawn from its hiding place, with exulting looks, and presented to the wondering eyes of the family circle. I determined to lose little time in realizing my expectations. The next week the great Cracow fair would take place, and thither I of course determined to go.

It was soon settled what was to be done with the 50,000 florins. I had promised to portion my sisters; each of them, accordingly, should have two thousand, which would make them the richest heiresses in Michlinitz; I would give four thousand to my mother: and "as for the remaining 40,000," said I, "my little cousin Ronza, at Dunavitz, will make me a good wife, and I will purchase a barony somewhere in the Palatinate."

These things being all determined upon, I left home for the capital*, early on the morning of the day of the great fair, with my opal in a leathern bag, which was suspended round my

* This was in the year 1750, when Poland was a kingdom, and Cracow its capital.

neck by a copper chain, I overtook, and passed a great many persons on the road, for I was mounted upon a good horse, which I had bought with the remnant of the hundred florins I had made by my jacinth; "but which among them all," said I to myself, "carries to the fair an opal worth 50,000 florins."

Before mid-day, I arrived at the capital, and having put up my horse at an inn in the outskirts, walked towards the great square, by the same streets I had traversed with my father five years ago. What changes had taken place since then; and to what extraordinary results had the impressions which were made upon my mind at that time led! Happy fortune, thought I, that carried my father to Cracow; had he never gone thither, I should never have seen the wonderful opal, or even so much as heard of a jewel-hunter, and never should have been walking, as now, to the great fair, with a jewel in my possession worth 50,000 florins!

I had no reason to doubt the integrity of the merchant with whom I had formerly dealt; but before finally disposing of my treasure, I wished to enjoy the triumph of possessing it: I was anxious in short, that as great a noise should be made about my opal as about that which Schmidt sold to the king. I walked accordingly through

the great square, seeking an opportunity of making my good fortune known, and of buzzing about the rarity and value of my possession.

As I went onward, looking to the right hand and to the left, my attention was fixed by the extraordinary richness and variety of a display of wares which were exhibited upon a long row of tables, placed beneath an awning, behind which an Eastern merchant sat smoking. Every species of costly and rare merchandize lay upon the tables. The richest stuffs, brocades, silks, and gold tissues from Persia,—the most valuable spices and perfumes from India and Arabia,—Damascus' sabres, the hilts inlaid with gold and ivory, and studded with precious stones,—the rarest gums of Africa and of Guyana,—temples and pagodas, curiously carved in ivory, and the most precious woods,—the most excellent specimens of Mosaic,—cameos and intaglios, of the most valuable materials, and the most exquisite workmanship, all swelled the riches of the Eastern merchant's bazaar. But rich and valuable as were these commodities, the contents of one other table eclipsed them all; it was covered with all kinds of precious stones, ranged in rows, circles and pyramids; diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, topaz, of all sizes, and of the finest colours, glittered in the sunshine, and dazzled and de-

lighted the eye. But among them I saw no opal. "Friend," said I to the merchant, "you reign here the emperor of the fair; upon your tables are concentrated the riches of all the cities of the East; every country in the world has laid its tributes before you; and yet," added I, "there seems one thing a-wanting." "What," said he, without taking his pipe from his mouth, "would you desire to see added?" "I see," replied I, "this beautiful pyramid, composed of precious stones, two rows of topaz, two of ruby, two of sapphire, two of emerald, and one of diamond, with this fine pearl surmounting the whole; but for the pearl I would substitute an opal." "I could soon make that change," said the merchant, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "but to my mind the pearl brings the pyramid to a better point; there is not a jewel, young man, that ever came out of the bowels of the earth, that I have not in my possession: and I will venture the worth of this pyramid, that I can show a better stone of every kind than any other merchant now in Cracow:—ay! in Poland,—ay! in Europe," added he, glancing triumphantly at his tables, and then resuming his pipe. I thought within myself, "he has no opal, he is too proud of his jewels to submit to the suspicion of not having one, were it in his power to prevent it;" and I

immediately replied, "I have not the value of the pyramid to stake, but I will venture the value of a jewel, which I will produce to you, that you will not match it." "Name its value," said the merchant, as unconcernedly as before, "and I will take your word for it; select its worth among these jewels, and lay them on one side; and then place your own opposite to them, and whoever gains, shall take up both stakes; you yourself shall decide, whether or not I produce a jewel more valuable of its kind than yours." This I thought was extremely fair, or rather more than fair, for it put it in my power to stake against my jewel something double its value; I did not, however, profit by this advantage, but selected a diamond which I judged to be worth about 50,000 florins, and laid it upon one side. There was now collected around the table a considerable number of persons, attracted at first by the wares, and now interested in the conversation they had overheard, and all anxiously waiting the result of so considerable a wager. I had thus obtained precisely what I desired—an opportunity of displaying my riches, and enjoying the vanity of possessing so rare a gem; to say nothing of the diamond that glittered on the table, and which I already considered as my own. I now pulled the chain over my head, and opening the leathern

purse drew forth my opal; and laid it upon the table, opposite to the diamond. "A fine opal, indeed," said the merchant, laying down his pipe, and examining it, "and worth more than the diamond you selected, and precisely the thing for the top of the pyramid. My own, you see, is too large," added he, opening the lid of an ebony box, and laying upon the table, the very opal Schmidt had sold to the king, the appearance of which I remembered so well. Gracious God! what were my feelings at that moment?—the object of my toil, and hopes, and promises, gone from me in an instant, and by my own accursed folly and vanity. The merchant deliberately returned the pipe into his mouth; took up my opal, and displacing the pearl, crowned the pyramid with the opal. "Now," said he, "you will admit, that the pyramid is faultless." He then returned his own opal into the box, and calmly began to arrange some of his wares.

I turned away in the deepest dejection; but the expressions of pity from the bystanders, so different from those with which I had expected to be greeted, wounded me more even than the loss of my wealth. I repaired to the shop of the merchant whom I knew, but without communicating to him what had happened; the circumstance, however, soon got wind; it was soon

buzzed about every where, that an ignorant youth had allowed himself to be juggled out of a valuable jewel by the great Bassora merchant, Haranzabad; and I had the mortification of seeing myself pointed at as this ignorant youth. "How could you be so mad," said the merchant, my friend, "as to stake any opal against Haranzabad's?—had you come to me first, you would have learnt what every body knows, that the king pledged his opal to that merchant for a loan, upon condition that he should not exhibit it openly at the fair."

I had now neither business nor inclination to detain me at the fair. I sold my horse, and in place of turning homeward, with 50,000 florins in my purse, I had but 200, partly the price of my horse, and partly the balance of a debt, which the lapidary was owing to my father. How different were my feelings on my road homeward, from what they would have been, had I been returning to the realization of my projects! My sisters' portions, my mother's provision, my cousin Ronza, and my expected barony, all came to my mind, only to reproach me for my vanity and folly. I was still a jewel-hunter, and had still my fortune to make; yet, wonderful as it may appear, at this very moment, when my hopes were newly crushed, they began to rise again;

new dreams of riches, and even projects of their appropriation occupied my mind, and almost excluded the recollection of my misfortune; and the very hour that witnessed the destruction of all my expectations, and the futility of my toils, saw also born within me, a steadier determination than ever, to renew them; and as firm a persuasion, that they would yet be rewarded.

Providence, however, has not yet thought fit to crown my hopes; but I have lived happily notwithstanding. Never has my hammer laid open the lustre of another opal, but I have always been cheered on by expectation; my toil has never been rewarded by independence, but it has brought me food and raiment, and left me something to wish for; I have never entered Cracow again, with the exulting thought that I was about to possess myself of 50,000 florins, but neither have I ever quitted it with the painful reflection, that I have lost the fruit of a year's labour, and of many years' hope; I have had no portions to bestow upon my sisters, but they have married, and have been happy without them; no provision to settle upon my mother, but she is long ago beyond the need of it; no barony to offer Ronza, but she has never appeared to wish for more than she possesses. Old age steals fast upon me, and so would it, if I had possessed

riches; death has no greater terrors for the poor than for the rich man, nor has he so much to disturb the serenity of his meditations. My children regret that I should leave them, and their regrets are sincere; because when I am gone, they expect no equivalent: yet had I even now youth and vigour, I would still pursue the occupation, which I trust my children will never desert, for one day or other, their labours will be rewarded. Schmidt has not found the first opal, nor myself the last; and riches may be enjoyed by him who knows how to use them. Go on then my children; do not shrink from toils which your father has borne; nor despair of the success which he once achieved, and of which, the inexperience of youth only, robbed him of the reward.

ENGLAND.

A SEPTEMBER WALK.

CHAPTER I.

It has sometimes been my good fortune, in the course of my solitary walks, to become acquainted with curious and affecting stories. I have already more than once, made the reader a partaker in the pleasure which these have afforded me; and in the present chapter, I mean to record the particulars of a story which I accidentally picked up in a walk through Monmouthshire; as well as the manner in which I became acquainted with it. It is a story that affected me deeply, and which, independently of its real and individual interest, will read an important lesson to whoever

among our legislators may chance to see these pages.

There is no province in the King of England's dominions, more beautiful than Monmouth; and there are few parts of Europe, in which my solitary walks have led me among sweeter scenes. It is a good deal the fashion, to extol foreign scenery; and I believe it is too much the custom, to visit those scenes abroad which have obtained a celebrated name, before visiting the equally attractive spots in our own country. I remember to have heard a pleasant story of a Scotch laird, who shortly after arriving at majority, set out for the Continent, and having ascended a certain mountain in the south of Italy, famous for the magnificent prospect which is enjoyed from the summit, struck with its beauty, inquired of the guide who accompanied him, if there was any thing in Europe equal to what he now beheld. "I have heard," replied the guide, "that this prospect is excelled by only one;" "and where is that one?" eagerly demanded the traveller; "in the kingdom of Scotland," said the guide. "Indeed," said the view-hunter, "in what part of Scotland;" "from the top of a hill named Damyet," answered the guide. "Good God," said the traveller, "it is on my own estate! and I have never been there." For the truth of this

story I will not vouch; but it is at all events, a good illustration of a prevailing folly.

It is a fact, that will be disputed by no one who has had any opportunity of exercising his judgment, that foreign scenery is, generally speaking, far inferior to that of England: it is true, that there are spots, and even limited districts in many of the countries abroad, where there is a concentration of higher beauties than are to be found in any equal space in England: the climate alone, of more southern latitudes, mellowing the appearances of the external world, and creating a harmony among the several elements, is sufficient to turn the scale; but I will venture to affirm that in England alone, of all the European countries, is it possible to travel two hundred miles in almost a direct line, through scenes of rich and varied beauty.

The county of Monmouth contains within itself every ingredient of natural beauty, and every species of adventitious ornament and interest; swelling hills, rugged precipices, ancient woods, rivers, streams, and torrents—princely domains, romantic towns, crumbling and ivyed ruins. I have at various times walked through the lovely scenery of this county, and always with delight; but I cannot quite coincide in the common opinion, which identifies the beauty of

Monmouthshire, with the river Wye; for the river Wye is not a river to my taste; its serpentining course lies, indeed, through a country superlatively beautiful; but the river itself has little to recommend it for the greater part of that course. To be beautiful, a river must be pure, it must have a sensible flow, and must either fill its channel, or show, where it leaves the channel bare, a clean pebbly bottom. But a river affected by the tide in any considerable degree, cannot possess these characters of beauty: it cannot be pure, because even at low water, the stream is tainted by the slime which is deposited by the tide; whenever it is brimful, it has no current except a retrograding one; and during at least three-parts of the twenty-four hours, it does not sweep green banks and drooping shrubs, as a river must do to be beautiful; but is a dwarfish rill, occuping a deep channel, with filthy muddy banks, rising on each side. The Wye is, therefore no favourite of mine.

At the time that I became possessed of the particulars of the story to be related in this chapter, my head-quarters were at Chepstow, from which town I made daily excursions into the neighbourhood; including of course, Tintern Abbey, and Ragland Castle. It is with a ramble to the latter of these places, that the theme of this chapter has reference. My walks through

Monmouthshire, were confined within the month of September; and there is certainly no other month in the year so well suited for pedestrian rambles: to me, it is indeed, the most attractive of all the months: it has neither the sultriness of July and August, nor the chill of October. The morning, the noon, the evening of a fine September day, have each of them, their separate charms; and whether your walk be through the fields, or in the orchard, or the garden, beauty and prodigality are around you. Here, you have the golden waving corn; there, the gathered harvest; and on all sides, the woods and the copses still in their leafy beauty, and just touched with the first streak of autumn's pencil. If your walk be early, you see the skylark circling in the sunny beams of the morning; mounting up and up; and chanting all the while, his merry roundelay; and you see the gossamer curtaining every hedge, and the dew-drop clinging to every blade. If you go out at noon, the white, the speckled, and the saffron-winged butterflies flit by, and the dragon-fly glances gold and silver in the noon-beam; bees are hanging on every clover-head, and feasting on the yet lingering sweets of the honey-suckle. There is then, usually a light air abroad, gently ruffling the corn fields, which rise and fall, like the soft heavings of a peaceful bosom.

But it is in the evening, when the charm of September is felt the deepest. Go out before sunset; watch the day die upon the hill-tops; go into the wood, and pause: perhaps the parting note of the woodlark breaks upon the stillness, or perhaps, there is nothing to disturb the silence save the tinkling of little brooks, that cannot be heard by day. And now, the landscape grows dim; and the moon, the harvest-moon, dipping among the white curdled clouds, comes forth. Gentle beauty! solitary traveller! wanderer through the fields of Heaven! no wonder poets hymn thee, and lovers gaze upon thee. But September is not a month for poetry and contemplation only: it abounds in palpable things; the garden and the orchard bend under the clustering fruit; the woods are full of filberts, and the trailing shrubs are heavy with wild berries. In short, September is the month when we not only discover nature to be beautiful, but her Author to be bountiful.

It was on the morning of a September-day, that I left a little inn, in the neighbourhood of Ragland Castle, to return to Chepstow. I had slept there the night before, having occupied the afternoon of that day in visiting the ruin. The ruins of a castellated building, or feudal fortress, are less beautiful as an object of mere contem-

plation, than the remains of an abbey or monastery; partly, because the architecture of the latter is in itself more beautiful, and partly, because monks and friars have been wonderfully felicitous in their choice of a spot for their residence: a fine stream and extensive woods, are especial favourites with them; whether because the former was found convenient for their ablutions, and the latter for holy meditation; or, because fish and game, from stream and forest, were required for lent—I shall not determine; it is true, however, with almost no exception, that the ruins of religious houses are situated in spots where nature is prodigal of beauty. But, separating the aspect of the ruin, from whatever else is attached to it, I have always felt greater pleasure in walking through the grass-grown hall of a feudal castle, than in surveying the cloisters of a mouldering abbey. What does the latter awaken in the mind, but images of superstition and hypocrisy, and sloth and sensuality! Nothing that was noble; little that was intellectual, abode within its walls. The only scenes acted there, were scenes in which either bigotry and ignorance, or cunning and knavery, were the actors. But, with the ruins of a feudal castle our associations are less ignoble, and more spirit-stirring; much cruelty—much tyranny—much injustice were

indeed licensed there; but there are redeeming recollections: we have courage and generosity, in place of cunning and knavery; activity in the room of sloth: if sensuality was found in the castle, as well as in the monastery, it was at least unaccompanied by hypocrisy; and if ignorance was common to both, that ignorance is surely the most tolerable, which does not pretend to superior wisdom.

I said, it was on a September morning, that I left a little inn near to Ragland Castle, with the intention of returning the same evening, to Chepstow. After walking leisurely during several hours, I sat down upon a little eminence, attracted by the appearance of a splendid mansion, only a part of which was visible from the level of the road. From the spot I had chosen, I had a perfect view of the house, and the surrounding domain. These sufficiently showed that their owner was a man of great wealth,—and the arms of the family, sculptured in marble over the gate, which was not more than a hundred yards from where I was seated, indicated that it was noble. Behind, and on either side, the house was inclosed by venerable woods, that stretched up a gentle acclivity, the summit of which was crowned by a temple. On one side of the mansion, lofty walls inclosed extensive gardens, and the sun-

beams glittered upon a long range of those fragile buildings, which luxury has invented to outwit nature. The park in front, and which stretched far to the right and left, was studded with clumps of overshadowing trees, and herds of deer were lying, or browzing beneath them; a fine rapid stream traversed the lawn, over which a handsome bridge conducted the broad avenue: at the front of the mansion, I could perceive that a magnificent equipage was waiting.

As I gazed upon all this, I felt a slight shade of envy clouding the serenity of my mind: "Happy possessor," said I, "of all I survey!" It was not, that I knew so little of the world and of truth, as to suppose wealth and happiness to be synonimous; but we are sometimes cheated out of our settled belief; and the illusions of wealth and grandeur, are apt at times to overpower the convictions of reason and experience; and from a natural cause: we suppose that we ourselves are in possession of what we see, and that in the enjoyment of it, we still retain our present feelings, thoughts and inclinations; we do not reflect, that the world within, and the world without, act reciprocally upon each other; we do not consider at the moment, that the passions are not immutable; that desires vary with the changing probabilities of their fulfilment; and that

the happiness of a lifetime may be influenced by one unsatisfied longing! It is impossible to colour water without in some degree changing its properties. "Happy possessor," said I, "of all I survey!" The sequel will show how much of truth there was in this expression of momentary envy.

While I still continued sitting, the equipage drove from the door, and proceeded rapidly towards the gate. Without feeling any particular curiosity as to who might be within it, I rose, and continued my walk. As the carriage approached, I perceived it to be in unison with every thing else belonging to its owner: its mountings were brilliant and costly; the arms of the house were emblazoned upon its sides, and embossed in silver upon other parts of the furniture; four beautiful black horses, richly caparisoned, whirled it along, and two outriders, in splendid livery, followed it. I reached the gate at the same time with the carriage, which stopped for a moment, while the porter opened it, and in the same instant, the window was lowered, and the person within, delivered some order to the postilions. I involuntarily paused for a moment to look at the individual whom I took to be the owner of all that I had coveted; and as the window was again drawn up, and the carriage

rolled on, I said, "can this be he whom I called the happy owner of all I surveyed!"

It has often been said, that every man is a physiognomist; it is certain that every one fancies himself such. For my own part, I have studied the subject but little, but I do not believe that in its details, it is possible to judge accurately; because, as character and even intellect to a certain degree, give a peculiar expression to certain features, and as I cannot perceive the possibility of laying down any rule to guide us in our judgments of a thing so undefinable as expression is, it seems to me, that physiognomy will never make many advances beyond the discoveries and hypotheses of its first great master. But there is one department in which I think physiognomy seldom errs; I mean, where it judges, not of the qualities of the mind implanted by nature, but of the *state* into which the mind has been brought by the events of life. Joy, sorrow, serenity, discontent, are easily distinguished from each other; and he would be not a bad physiognomist only, but an egregious blunderer in the affairs of common life, who should make a mistake between the man whose heart was satisfied, and whose paths were peace,—and him, in whose breast, grief, discontent, or remorse had taken their abode.

It was in this simplest department of physiognomy, that I exercised my judgment upon the present occasion.

My inward exclamation, "Can this be he whom I called the happy owner of all I surveyed!" was suggested by the momentary glimpse I caught, as the carriage stopped at the gate. The individual whom I supposed to be the lord of the mansion, and who afterwards proved to be so, was aged; but the whiteness of his hair, and the wrinkles on his cheek, did not inspire me with that reverence, which virtuous old age seldom fails to produce. Years turn the locks to grey—but so does anguish; and the furrows that are ploughed by remorse, are unlike the wrinkles of age. My view was, as I have said, but momentary; but it was sufficient to dissipate the dream of envy.

When the carriage had passed on, I walked leisurely forward; my thoughts unoccupied by any thing,—observing passing objects—the pleasant country—feeling upon my frame and spirits the influence of a fine September day—snuffing the wild fragrance of the whin blossom, which skirted the road—and rejoicing in the animal powers of health and youth, and in the consciousness of existence.

I have often been disappointed after a day's

walk, when I have reflected upon the employment of my thoughts during it; I have said to myself, have I acquired any new view upon any subject? have I resolved any doubt or difficulty that embarrasses me? has imagination conceived, or thought matured, any thing that may prove useful hereafter? is it possible, that I have passed a day in the solitude of my own thoughts, and that I have learned nothing, investigated nothing, determined nothing, made not a single addition to my stock of knowledge, improved not in one iota, the powers of reason, nor made a single contribution to the storehouse of fancy?—and to all these questions, conviction has sorrowfully answered, "you have dreamed the day away!" It is in fact, a melancholy truth, that during a walk, my thoughts are generally altogether worthless; how it may be with others, I do not know, but of myself, I know, that while in motion, I have never arrived at a conclusion upon any subject, nor ever exercised imagination to any purpose. There is, however, one consolation I have, perhaps I might justly call it an indemnification for all losses; my solitary walks are full of animal enjoyment. I have an overflowing sense of the pleasure of possessing life and energy; and this is a species of enjoyment, that I would not barter for any that is intellectual. It is not correct, to

separate intellect from this pleasure, which I have called animal, because body and mind do not admit of any separation; but it is a kind of enjoyment, which I have little doubt, is shared by the young of almost every tribe and species of the living creation; the lamb that frisks on the hill side—the foal that capers over the meadow—the young eagle that expands his wings to the morning—the fawn that skips on the mountain ridge—the insects that dance in the sun-beam, share, I believe, the identical emotions that urge me to climb the heathy hill, and that fill me with rejoicing, as I drink in the charms of the external world. This I am the more convinced of, from the fact, that the sights, and sounds, and smells of nature, never in such moments, awaken in me any train of moral reflection. If I survey the most laughing, or the most magnificent prospect that was ever stretched out by the prodigal hand of nature, it no sooner reaches the mind, than it is reflected back again to the senses: if I smell the fragrance of the wild thyme, or the sweet-brier, I am sensible only of enjoying a sweet perfume: and if I see the lark circling upwards, and hear him pour out his matin-song, I am only conscious of having a glad companion, in the exuberant stirrings of my animal nature.

At an early hour in the afternoon, I arrived at

an inn where I proposed dining, and upon glancing my eye into the court-yard, as I entered the house, I saw standing in it, the equipage I have already mentioned. While I remained, I took the opportunity of inquiring if I had been right, in supposing the person I had seen, to be the noble owner of the domain I had coveted; and I learnt that my surmise was correct, and that Lord G——, was the name of the nobleman. Before I had quite finished my repast, the carriage came up to the door, and as my parlour was on the ground floor, I had a nearer and better opportunity of examining the person and countenance of Lord G——, than I had had at the park-gate. This time, my impressions were confirmed; the unquiet eye, the contracted brow, the tremulous motion of the thin lips, added strength to my suspicion, that a restless mind had at least as great a share as the natural decay of body, in furrowing with deep lines, the cheek of this grey-headed man. The figure too, harmonized well with the countenance; it was shrunk into the mere outline of a human form; and seemed to bend beneath a heavier burthen than the weight of years; while I looked at him, I thought of the description of Mr. Falkland, as he is last depicted in "Caleb Williams."

As I walked onward towards Chepstow, I felt

my curiosity in some degree awakened respecting Lord G——. I fancied there must be something connected with his history worth knowing; for how could it otherwise happen, that a nobleman, possessing all that the world can give, and not under the influence of any recent family affliction (as I had learnt at the inn was not the case), should bear about with him, not the marks of suffering only, but, as I could not help suspecting traces, darkly ominous of its origin; it might indeed be disappointed ambition on a mind naturally misanthropic, and full of gall, that had eaten into itself, and turned the sweets of life into bitterness; yet, the idea that guilt, that remorse, were in some way connected with what I had seen, strongly intrenched itself in my mind: but as I thought I had now left behind me the only opportunity I should ever have, of learning any thing further of Lord G——'s history, my curiosity soon died away, and as I came in sight of the romantic town and castle of Chepstow, the higher parts still lighted by the descending sun, I had entirely forgotten Lord G—— and his coveted domain; and my mind began to revert to Ragland Castle, and its green old age, and Charles the First, and the tilts that were witnessed from its walls, and the festivals within them, and the plumed knights, and winsome dames; and with

these thoughts, I passed the evening, and went to sleep.

But the thoughts with which I went to sleep, did not form the subject of my night visions. I dreamed of Lord G——, and his domain; it was a confused dream, the memory of which did not outlive my sleep, though it served to keep alive the fancies of the preceding day. Being engaged to dine at I——n C——t, three miles from Chepstow, I purposed to pass the morning in strolling about the town; not that there was any thing to see that I had not seen already; but it was market-day, and there is always something new to be seen on a market-day, whether in new wares or new faces. When I had breakfasted, I walked out of the Beaufort-arms, to the book-seller's shop, and on entering, the first thing that met my eye, was an announcement, that a public meeting would be held in the assembly-room that forenoon, for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning Parliament for an alteration in the criminal code: Lord G—— in the chair. This explained the motive of Lord G——'s journey, and that motive went far in my mind to lower my opinion of my skill in physiognomy; but my curiosity was rather increased than diminished; and the discovery I had made, tended rather to substitute new for old fancies, than to set my

mind at rest. I determined, of course, to attend the meeting. Shortly after twelve o'clock, a very numerous company was assembled, and about half-past twelve, Lord G—— entered the room and took the chair. I remarked what seemed to me rather extraordinary, that some murmurs, and other tokens of disapprobation, were mingled with the plaudits by which Lord G—— was greeted, as he took the chair. How could this arise? So far, however, I felt it to be a confirmation of my first suspicions. Lord G—— was obnoxious to some; and no trivial cause, I thought, could occasion the open manifestation of this feeling of animosity. It could not arise from the nature of the meeting at which his lordship was to preside; for its object was congenial to the good feelings of all; and an active participation in such an object, would be a reason for esteeming, rather than for condemning a man;—this circumstance greatly increased my interest in the meeting; and my curiosity respecting its chairman.

The business of the day commenced in the usual way; and after several resolutions had been moved and seconded, the chairman, having requested another person to take his place, vacated the chair, and desired permission to address the meeting. In most cases, the speeches that are delivered at public meetings, are set orations,

intended either to promote the speaker's individual interest, or to support the credit he has obtained for holding some set of political opinions, or some philanthropic views: if there be any other incentive than these, it is vanity. Lord G—— commenced with a tremulous voice, and at first, was scarcely audible: these imperfections, I attributed to age and infirmity. Soon, however, I was undeceived; his voice became loud, and firm; and he spoke with an emphatic energy, that I have never heard equalled—it was eloquence in its truest sense, for every syllable that was uttered, carried instantaneous conviction to all who listened. Since then, I have often wished I could have noted down every word of that speech: some portions of it, however, I do remember; and I cannot resist the temptation I feel, of transferring to these pages, a short memento of what I then considered so convincing.

"Gentlemen," said Lord G——; "Where, I ask, are the fruits of that vast engine of national benevolence, which is wielded by the humane, throughout this Christian empire, for improving the moral condition of man? Is it, that this stream of charity, which is poured out continually upon the land, is useless? or is it not rather, that there is some counteracting principle at work, which sets at nought

the efforts of the Christian and the philanthropist? What nation on earth can compete with Britain, in the number and magnitude of those institutions, which are offered for the alleviation and the cure of the moral, as well as the physical evils incident to humanity;—and yet, where is the nation upon earth, on whose records we find so dark a catalogue of crime? We must look, Gentlemen, for a solution of these difficulties, in the imperfection of our criminal laws; for, if we refuse to come to this conclusion, then we must admit, that the powers of Christianity and philanthropy will for ever be exerted in vain. Gentlemen, the capital error in our criminal code, is its severity; a mild term for injustice:—there is a certain proportion between crime and punishment, which approves itself to the understanding of all men; and when the law awards punishments, that are disproportionate to the guilt, the impress of justice is no longer discernible, and compassion towards the violator of the law, not obedience to the law itself, is the necessary consequence. Why is it, that so few suffer the penalty which the law has affixed to their offences? Because, the infliction of the penalty would be unjust; because the awards of the law are not founded upon principles of equity; because, to carry them into effect, would be a monstrous outrage upon com-

mon sense and universal feeling; and yet, what a mockery of law it is, that it should be impossible to execute its provisions! So long as inconsistency like this exists, the law will be powerless —so long will crime increase, and the efforts of the good be unavailing."

"But, Gentlemen," (here Lord G—— became visibly agitated), "there is a more imperious claim still than that of an inefficient law, that has brought me here to-day, and that now impels me to address you; I mean, the claim of individual justice. If we are to take the Sacred writings as our warrant, they contain none for visiting with death any offence save murder; nor does reason offer us any authority for expiating any other crime, with the blood of the offender. Gentlemen, there should not only be a proportion between crime and punishment, but a reciprocity between the punishment awarded, and the injury which is committed. If a man takes the life of another, he takes that which is most valuable—that which nothing can supply the loss of; and, in the punishment that is inflicted upon the murderer, it is just, that he should suffer the same as his victim has suffered; but in every crime that is visited by capital punishment, save murder, this parity of reasoning ceases. If, Gentlemen, a man should take from any of you your

watch on the highway, or break into your house and steal your plate, or forge a bill by which you are defrauded of £1000 (as Lord G—— spoke the latter part of this sentence, his voice became tremulous, he paused for a moment, and passed his hand over his brow, a confused murmur too, ran through the assembly; he then recovered his composure, and firmly repeated the sentence), "or forge a bill by which you are defrauded of £1000, he no doubt does you a great injury; but if you were asked, whether you would lose your watch, your plate, your £1000, or your life, you would feel that there was no equality in the losses; the man, therefore, who defrauds you of £1000, ought not to be injured in a degree incalculably greater than he has injured you. It is no light matter to take away the life which man did not give; and I believe that, 'blood for blood' excepted, there exists not one case, in which a human tribunal is justified in adjudging a human being to die. I remember (continued Lord G——), to have lately read in the public journals, of a female child apprenticed to a barbarous master, who, for sixteen months, exercised towards her a system of the most unrelenting cruelty, feeding her upon the most disgusting refuse, depriving her of food for days together, beating her until she was covered with wounds and sores, and then,

like a fiend, filling them with salt to increase their torture. Gracious God! is there a man breathing who will say, that the utterer of a forged note is worthy of death, but that the inhuman miscreant who commits these demoniac acts should be judged worthy of only six months' imprisonment? There is no defect which can attach to a government, so great, as an imperfect system of justice. Nothing is so indispensible to perfection of government, as a code of laws, by which no man can be punished either too much, or too little; and although the imperfection that attaches to all human institutions, may sometimes permit the innocent to be condemned unjustly, and may at other times, allow the guilty to escape the penalty of the law; yet, it is the province, and it is within the power of legislation, to affix to every crime, punishment proportioned to its enormity. But when I read, that a deliberate system of torture, abhorrent to the general spirit of our laws, is visited by six months' imprisonment, while the coiner of a shilling, or the stealer of a horse is deprived of existence, it is almost enough to engender a hatred of the whole system of jurisprudence, under which so monstrous an inconsistency is committed. Gentlemen, if we desire that equal distributive justice should be the character of our laws, let us unite our efforts to

effect an end so praiseworthy in its pursuit, and which would be so glorious in its accomplishment; let us labour to render our criminal law consistent in its enactments, equitable in its principles, and mild in its awards."

The strong expression of emotion which Lord G—— evinced several times during his address, and the sensation which on these occasions was apparent throughout the room, almost confirmed me in my belief, that he had not taken a leading part in the business of the day, from any of the common motives which influence men upon like occasions. The feeling manifested by the meeting at its opening; the emphatic earnestness with which he spoke of the claims of individual justice; the strong symptoms of mental pain, which showed themselves in his countenance—his voice—his manner, when he had occasion to reprobate the punishment of death for crimes less than murder; and, especially, his uncontrollable emotion, when he adverted to that penalty affixed by the law to forgery;—all combined to fix upon my mind a positive persuasion, that the events of his own life, the present colour of his mind, and his appearance that day, were in some way connected with that severity of the criminal law, which he was wishful to ameliorate: it will soon be seen if I had judged rightly.

I will abstain from relating to the reader, the means which I employed to have my suppositions confirmed or refuted. I soon learned, that they were not without foundation; although it was a considerable time before I was in possession of information, sufficiently authentic and detailed, to enable me to separate the truth from the falsehood, and form, from the various editions of Lord G——'s story, one, that should contain every fact of any interest, and should exclude whatever rested upon evidence in the smallest degree doubtful. I will not be guilty of the affectation of presenting the narrative to the reader, from a pretended manuscript put into my hands—nor will I relate it precisely as I have heard it in any one quarter. My narrative is taken from various sources, and related in my own way. Faults, therefore, in the language, or in the sentiments which may be found in it, must be charged against me. From motives of delicacy, I, of course, omit all but the initial letter in Lord G——'s name; the other name is too well known to render delicacy of this sort necessary.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF THE UNHAPPY PAIR, AND THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN FATHER.

The noxious vapours of a summer's sky,
The gathering clouds that darken in the air,
Have vent in storms; for, tho' the lightnings fly,
And thunders roll; tho' hurricanes may tear
The face of nature, and the dread blast bear
Destruction on its wings; these cannot stay—
But earth and skies again are calm and fair;
Nature, more lovely, and serene, and gay;
Her storms but casting their origin away.

Not so the mind:—conscience creates within,
Storms, that can never their own springs dispel;
For tho' they may an outward calmness win,
Like the volcano; yet, beneath is hell.
Mem'ry will not be chained down in the cell
Of deep oblivion; tho' the flame burn low,
Yet, lives the fire that time can never quell;
And life, one peaceful moment cannot know,
If, mingled in its stream, remorse's poison flow.

Of the very early years of Charles Warner, I have nothing to relate; would to God those that

succeeded were as barren of events. He was descended from rather an ancient family, and his immediate ancestors occupied the middle stations in life. When but little removed from childhood, he showed that love of reading, which was afterwards matured into a decided literary turn; and long before that period might be seen, the dawnings of that ardent enthusiasm which, in after life, proved so baneful an enemy to prudence. As Charles Warner grew up, he was a favourite with every body: he was so amiable; so obliging; so well informed; he possessed a great share of natural eloquence, without the vanity of displaying it; and was remarkable for that gracefulness in manner and appearance, which is not the result of study,—and which seems to be a natural inheritance in some, who have never partaken of the advantages generally supposed necessary to its acquisition. Charles Warner was by no means deficient in judgment: he could reason justly, and act discreetly, on all occasions in which the emotions had no part; but where the feelings and the judgment were at variance, the combat was short, because it was unequal.

Charles Warner was scarcely twenty-one, when his enthusiastic turn of mind led him abroad, where, for four years, he reveled in all the luxury in which a southern climate, poetic associations,

and the charm of music and painting, have power to steep the mind of an ardent worshipper of nature and art, in their various forms of beauty. He returned to England, with an extended knowledge of literature; a perfect acquaintance with the modern languages; and with no contemptible judgment in matters of *virtù*.

While abroad, Charles Warner was no spendthrift—no gambler—no sensualist; his pleasures were few and refined; but his love of literature and the fine arts, and the eagerly sought society of men of letters (who do not always disdain to mingle with the pursuits of learning, others less worthy), were the source of considerable expenses; and when he returned home, after, as I have said, an absence of four years, during which he had lost his only surviving parent, he found that he had almost entirely dissipated his originally slender patrimony. This was nothing different from what he had expected; and if at any time during his sojourn abroad, this thought occurred to him, he silenced it in the reflection, that he could not employ his fortune better,—perhaps, not even so advantageously, as in storing his mind with that knowledge, which he trusted would be a sufficient patrimony of itself.

Charles Warner was now twenty-five; and it was not an act of prudence only, but of necessity,

to endeavour to turn to some account the advantages which he possessed.

At this time, Lord G—— had newly taken his seat in the House of Peers; and very shortly after, he was the originator of a proposition respecting some new immunities and advantages to be granted to a certain association for the advance of learning. The proposal met with considerable opposition; and Charles Warner, without feeling any particular anxiety upon the subject, yet, desirous of bringing himself forward, and perhaps, of recommending himself to the notice of those who might assist his views, wrote and published a pamphlet upon the subject, dedicating it to Lord G——, who was pleased with the performance, and being then in want of a secretary, offered the situation to its author, who thankfully accepted of it, conscious that he was every way qualified to discharge its duties; and believing that he had found the speedy accomplishment of his desires. Alas, unhappy Charles! would that thy desires had rested here.

At the time when Charles Warner was appointed secretary to Lord G——, and became an inmate at —— Park, his lordship had been ten years a widower; Lady G—— having died early in life, leaving one child, an only daughter, then eight years of age. Since the death of her mother,

Maria had lived with her father, sometimes at —— Park, and sometimes in London; and about a year before the period to which my narrative refers, Lord G—— had placed his daughter at the head of his table, and made her the mistress of his establishment.

I will not attempt any description of Maria. It is difficult, thirty years after a face has been seen, to obtain very accurate information respecting its features and expression. All accounts, however, concur, in ascribing loveliness to it. I have seen a miniature of her, taken immediately after her mother's death, in which she is painted as a sweet fair child, with blue eyes, and a mirthful countenance; and I have also seen a picture of her mother, taken just after her marriage, when she was hardly twenty-one. In this picture, it is easy to trace the resemblance between her and her child, which is indeed remarkably strong, allowing for the difference in years; and if, at the period when my narrative commences, Maria had fulfilled the promise of her childhood, and resembled her mother, I am warranted in saying, that tradition has not erred in ascribing loveliness to her. Of her mind, her history is unfortunately too true an interpreter.

During the two years that had elapsed since Maria had emerged from childhood, and which

had been spent for the most part at —— Park, she had seen at her father's table, and at those of his guests, the gay, the gallant, the high in birth, and the high in intellect; and the young, the beautiful, the accomplished daughter of Lord G——, the heiress, too, of his wealth, soon saw among her suitors, many who might be deemed worthy of her smiles; but no one had gained the favour of Maria. The world said that Maria was proud. It would have been better for Maria had the world been right.

It was in this posture of affairs,—when Lord G—— was residing at —— Park, after parliament had broken up in the month of July,—when Maria had been two years emancipated from childhood, and was then nineteen, that Charles Warner entered upon the duties of secretary to Lord G——. Though it was a menial office which Charles Warner held, and by no means entitling him to any equality with the family,—yet, from a knowledge of the high respectability of his family connexions, Lord G—— upon all occasions treated him, if not with the familiarity of an equal, yet with the easy politeness which he felt to be due to him as a gentleman, and a man of education. With Maria, other reasons were added; Charles Warner possessed a large stock of that kind of knowledge which she prized;

he was well acquainted with every branch of polite literature; he could speak most of the modern languages fluently; he was an excellent musician;—and besides, Maria was a total stranger to pride, and would have been affable to any one under her father's roof: above all, the subordinate situation in which Charles Warner became known to her, tended rather to remove than to increase the distance, which would otherwise have marked her first intercourse with a young man in her own station;—he was her father's secretary, and reserve of that kind would be ridiculous. Hers was not a situation that was free from danger. There was in Charles Warner a gentleness, and a diffidence, far more captivating than the arrogance which too often accompanies intellectual power,—and more winning, than the high-bred assurance which stars and coronets confer upon their wearers. He was not indifferent to female perfections,—or rather, he was peculiarly susceptible of their impression; more too, at this particular juncture, than perhaps at any former period of his life. He had newly returned from abroad, where he had resided during four years,—and now, for the first time since his return, he had an opportunity of contrasting the women of foreign climes, with those of his own country: he had seen handsome women abroad; and had been occasionally captivated by their

charms, both of person and conversation; but that deepest of all charms, that pure femininenes—that hesitating apprehensiveness—that enchanting compound of strength and weakness, of deep sensibility and shrinking modesty, distinguishing the women of England from all others upon earth, he had never met with abroad; and now found, in its fullness, in the daughter of Lord G——.

The daughter of his patron was no fit subject of Charles' thoughts; and no fit object for his attentions; nor did he dare to offer her any. For many months after Charles Warner became an inmate in Lord G——'s family, he would have been surprised at the remotest hint of any feeling entertained by him for Maria, other than that of respect, flowing from duty to his patron. It was long ere he discovered, that to gaze upon Maria, was the occupation in which he most delighted, and that to keep his thoughts within the compass of the page upon which his eye was fixed, cost him an effort.

Lord G—— was a learned, rather than a literary man; I mean, his studies were conversant more with philosophy than with the *belles lettres;* and more with classical, than with modern literature: he knew, however, that his own, were not the studies most to his daughter's taste, nor,

indeed, the fittest to form the exclusive education of a young woman of rank and fashion: he had himself grounded her in a knowledge of the dead languages, which he rightly thought essential to a knowledge of her own; and after she had acquired a thorough knowledge of those accomplishments for which she evinced a taste, and had, for her years, stored her mind with a large share of the historical and other useful information, which his own library furnished, he felt Charles Warner to be an acquisition in his family, as he thought Maria might be benefited by his knowledge upon many subjects, to which he had paid but little attention himself. With this view, Lord G—— would purposely lead the conversation to subjects connected with literature and the fine arts: and then, Charles' diffidence would forsake him; and as he spoke of the mighty ones of the earth, who have left behind them the imperishable monuments upon which men gaze, and turn away from, silent and thoughtful; as he spoke of the climes that have given birth to them, and painted their smiling skies, and sunny seas, and perfumed airs, and the music that swells and dies among Italian vales, and the moonlight of a southern night, as it falls among the crumbling relics of an older world; and as his language, elevated by enthusiasm, or unconsciously softened into tenderness,

almost embodied in a visible shape, the objects of his eloquence,—then would Maria breathlessly rivet her eyes upon him, the kindling of enthusiasm mingling with their mildness; and even when he had ceased to speak, she would look upon him still, until he shrunk beneath the blaze of beauty and intelligence, that seemed almost celestial.—And Maria, like Charles, knew not for long, the nature of her feelings, and that to listen to Charles, was her chiefest pleasure.

Lord G—— rather encouraged than repressed the frequency of those occasions upon which Charles' talents and information were displayed: he admired the natural eloquence of which his secretary was master, and had some remote views of making it useful to him in another sphere. The subjects which formed these conversations, he felt to be rather a relaxation from his own drier studies; and he was pleased to observe the eagerness his daughter showed, to add to her information. His secretary to aspire to be his daughter's lover, was a height of daring which he did not contemplate—and his daughter to love Charles Warner, a depth of degradation which he would have deemed impossible!

It is needless to detail the progress of what the reader is already prepared to believe; Charles

and Maria loved each other: the one, in violation of duty; the other, in despite of pride.

When matters were thus situated, Lord G——'s parliamentary duties called him from the retirement of the country, to London; and being at this time engaged in preparing for publication certain family papers, to complete which, the translation and transcription of some old manuscripts were essential, he resolved to commit this duty to Charles Warner: and as the session was expected to be short, to leave his daughter in the country, and take with him to London, only such part of his household as he should absolutely require.

When Charles and Maria knew this determination, their first feeling was joy,—their next was fear. We often fear the thing we desire; and indeed, where any duty must be sacrificed that we may attain the object of our wishes, these feelings are almost equally balanced. Up to this period, Charles and Maria had loved, without willingly communicating their feelings to each other; and they almost wished, that they might continue uncommunicated. They foresaw the trial that awaited them during the absense of Lord G——, and mutually feared a disclosure, that would certainly affect materially the condition of both. Charles feared for Maria, her father's dis-

pleasure; and Maria dreaded for him, the loss of patronage.

They judged rightly:—a sentiment, of which two hearts are conscious, needs but opportunity to be communicated in language. Lord G—— left —— Park, and soon afterwards, arrived the consummation of their imprudence—they married, regardless or unmindful of consequences. From that hour, Maria never more saw her father.

A detail of the hardships and struggles that fell to the lot of Charles and Maria, after their imprudent union, would be profitless, and might be painful to the reader: but indeed, were it otherwise, I am not in a situation to gratify curiosity. The particulars I have been able to collect, of the first three years of their marriage, are scanty, and hardly authentic enough to entitle them to a place in this narrative. It is natural to think they would hide as much as possible from the world, that lot, which its pity could not alleviate, and which would be felt to be more bitter by its neglect. During the first three years of their marriage, Charles occasionally found some literary employment; and this, with the disposal of his wife's jewels, and the small wreck of Charles' patrimony, served during that time to support a struggle with the difficulties of life: demands increased with a family; Charles had

but few friends, and of the few he had, no one proffered him assistance;—let me say rather, Charles had no friend. As for Maria's relations, during the first months of her marriage, they did not entirely forsake her; they kept up with her that sort of doubtful connection,—they gave her that half countenance, which might be withdrawn or increased as the conduct of Lord G—— should point out to them: but as soon as it was plain, that he would hear of no reconciliation, and that he had for ever shut the door against both forgiveness and compassion, they too, all cast her off. They said "she deserves to suffer!" Alas! the sacrifices which we make to avarice or pride, the world call worthy; but those that are offered at the shrine of nature and tenderness, are esteemed the offspring of low-mindedness and folly. One by one, the sources of the unhappy pair failed them; and Charles and Maria, and their two innocent children, were left, by those who might have raised them up, to sink beneath the taunt of the unfeeling, and the cold gripe of penury.

I have not learnt whether many attempts were made by Charles or Maria, to obtain the forgiveness of Lord G——. From one letter, however, which I have recovered, written but shortly before the awful events which I have to relate took place, it appears that such attempts had been made. As

this letter throws considerable light upon the condition of the unhappy pair, I think it best to transcribe it.

"14*th Nov.* 1794.

"My Father,

"This is the last appeal of your daughter Maria. I have no hope that you will now grant the forgiveness I have so often sued for in vain, —this time I ask from you not forgiveness, but bread. My children,—my helpless children! are perishing beside me, and I have nothing to give them,—you have abundance; if you will not aid me as your daughter, give then to a wretched mother of famishing children. I think, my father, if you were to see me you would pity me, and relieve me,—perhaps, even forgive me; for error may surely be expiated by an accumulation of suffering. Do not resist this appeal. I am fast sinking beneath the weight of the suffering that presses upon me;—and consider, my father, I am not yet twenty-four years old;—it would be hard to die so young. You will not suffer your daughter, the sole daughter of your house, to end her days like a common outcast. You once loved me, and I love you still; one word of reconciliation from you, and my face would be bathed in tears of gratitude and affection. I have seen you take children in your arms,

and kiss them.—I have two children; the eldest is your image; the other, is the likeness of your Maria,—as I was once, not as I am now. If I deserved to suffer, if you cannot pity me,—pity my infants, for they have done no harm. May Almighty God dispose you to listen to my petition. This is probably the last time you will ever be called father, or read the hand-writing of your once loved and still dutiful daughter,

MARIA.

It is certain, that to this appeal no answer was received. I remark, indeed, some expressions in it, that had better have been omitted; the recollection of what Lord G—— considered a family disgrace, would be only the more bitterly renewed by his daughter reminding him, that she was the sole daughter of his house, and telling him, that her child bore the family lineaments.

I now approach the climax of my tale.

Gradually the horizon darkened around the unhappy pair. Every source was dried up; famine came nearer and nearer; at last, it stared them in the face.

It was on the evening of the 30th of November, 1794, that Charles and Maria, and their children, had not broken bread for nearly two days. Nine o'clock chimed from the spire of a neighbouring

church—it was the hour when Charles and Maria had once been accustomed to take their frugal evening meal; but this night, there was none to share. They were sitting in a miserable garret of an obscure lane; a solitary lamp threw a dim unsteady light upon the bare wall; the patched and shattered window shook to every gust of the wintry wind, and it was only when a drop of rain fell heavily upon the dying embers in the grate, that they showed any sign of existence. Upon a mat, two little ones were lying, locked in each other's arms—they had newly fallen asleep: "God be praised," said Charles, "they sleep at last; Maria, they shall not starve! when they awake they shall have bread. I will go, and bring bread to them and you." "Charles, my husband, hear me,—hear your wife! we can bear it a little longer: you have lived in virtue, let us not end life in dishonour; it will soon end, Charles,—and were it not for these—" Maria stopped, cast her eyes upon her children, and burst into tears. Charles rose, took his hat, and laid his hand upon the door. "Do not leave me;" said Maria; "stay, Charles,—let us trust in God." "God has abandoned us," said he,—"I will not trust in God." Maria heard Charles' footsteps rapidly descend the creaking stair, and she sunk upon her knees, and prayed for her husband.

As Charles descended into the street, ten o'clock struck. The night was dark, and a drizzly rain was falling; the lamps gleamed upon the wet pavement, and only showed the big drops falling from the houses. Charles walked swiftly forward, and soon found himself on the outskirts of the town. "I have no arms," said he, "no matter, I do not wish to injure; I will think of my wife and children, and I shall not lack strength." In a few minutes it was put to the test;—he had judged rightly, for the next moment he was walking homewards, his hand grasping a purse. "They shall not starve to-night," said he—he felt no fear—no compunction; he thought of his wife and children dying, and then pictured his children eating and smiling; and he said to himself, "If I have outraged the laws of man, I have obeyed the law of nature." Having provided for the necessities of his famishing wife and children, he reached his own abode, where he found Maria sitting as he had left her, weeping, and the children still asleep. "Awaken the children, Maria," said he, "and let them eat,—I have brought food." They opened their eyes, and saw bread before them,—and Maria smiled when she saw her little-ones smile, with food in their hands; and though she knew the morsel was unlawfully obtained, yet, she looked with fondness

upon her husband. The booty that Charles had obtained was but trifling; at the end of two days only a small remnant remained. "Let me go," said Maria, "and buy food with it." "I have another use for part of it," replied Charles; "but go, my love, and buy bread with this." The moment Maria was gone, Charles went out, purchased the requisite paper, returned swiftly home, and locked the door. As he took the pen in his hand, it trembled: he laid it down, and raised his eye from the paper—his children were opposite; he saw one of them snatch a morsel of bread, even from the other's mouth, and firmness returned to him: he instantly seized the pen, and wrote, affixing to the cheque the signature he was once so familiar with,—that of the cruel father of his Maria. Hastily giving to the children a cake, which he had bought to keep them quiet until his return, he went out and obtained money for his cheque: he was at home before Maria, and when she returned, the floor was covered with gold. "Let us live, and be happy," said Charles, in a tone of seeming gaiety; and then in a more solemn manner, "Maria, we will go to a foreign land—we may yet be happy,—let us leave this hovel. Come!" Maria made no reply: she saw determination in his countenance; she knew not from what source wealth had come, nor did she dare

to ask; but she saw spread out before her the means of existence; and she dressed the children, and made a small package of the remnant of rags which were yet spared, because they had proved below the temptation even of merciless cupidity. In an hour they had left the city behind them, and were waiting the departure of a ship, bound for a foreign strand. The wind was fair,—the tide was flowing,—the vessels were beginning to float,—the sailors were upon the shrouds unfurling the sails,—"heave the anchor," cried the boatswain; "she floats!" Charles and Maria stand upon the quay. "Oh, that an hour were past!" thought Charles; only a few minutes,—the minutes fly,—all is ready,—the sails are set,—the anchor up,—the moorings are untying; "aboard!" cries the captain,—and Charles has placed his foot upon the plank, when a hand is placed upon his shoulder. Is it Maria's?—he turns round, and sees himself surrounded by the officers of justice. Imprisonment—trial—a verdict of guilty, and sentence of death successively follow. I will not lead the reader to the cell of the unhappy Charles,—I will spare him the scene between Maria and her husband, on the morning of the fatal day. Their children were there too; the tears coursed down their soft cheeks, although they knew not why;—but they saw their father

and their mother weeping, and the place was dark and dismal. As the first bell tolled, Maria fainted, and they carried her away,—Charles imprinted a last kiss upon her cold and yet quivering lips, and said, "May'st thou never awake!"

It is said, the sun shines alike on the just and on the unjust;—aye! and it shines alike too, upon the happy and the wretched! That morning, it rose upon millions of the gay, and it left them gay at its setting; and the morrow, it would again behold them full of life and glee. That day, men ate, and drank, and smiled, and said, "truly life is a pleasant thing!" What had the world to do with Charles and Maria? What was it to them that he was cut off in youth and health, and that the sun would rise to-morrow upon his grave? What was it to them that Maria was broken-hearted, and that ere morning she found relief in madness!

Was that the rabble-shout?—No, the crowd are silent; they have learnt that famine impelled the deed,—they are silent as the grave,—the men turn away their heads, and the women weep; and as a shriek of returning sense from the wife of Charles pierces the silence, every soul is harrowed up, and some mutter deep curses on the law that condemned, and on the power that would not save. Charles heard it too; and he shuddered

even in the agonies of death. I know not whether Maria lived, or whether she died; nor have I been able to learn the history of her children. Report says, Lord G—— is childless; and that at his death his domain will revert to the crown, because he has no heir.

Such are the particulars I have been able to collect, of this unhappy history. Remorse is that cancerous ulcer of the mind, which is at first disregarded, and is undiscernible to the outward eye; but it eats in and in, and hollows out a secret inner chamber for itself, where conscience sits enthroned among her thunders, and life becomes a curse; but death, a thing yet more hideous. And the wretch who endures the present hell, only because he dreads one more eternal, bears at length in his aspect the reflection of his torment. For some time after the catastrophe I have related took place, Lord G—— showed no token of remorse; he mixed in public as he had been wont

to do, and was received as he had been accustomed to be received; the world seemed to have forgotten the events in which he had so large a share; but there was one whisperer still,—and that whisperer was—conscience! Gradually he withdrew from public life; and, for twenty-six years, lived in total seclusion; and one of the first occasions on which he had emerged from it was, to originate in parliament a motion for the amelioration of the criminal code. To dive into men's motives is not my business; it may possibly be, however, that Lord G—— felt it some alleviation of his pain, to benefit society at large, as a sort of atonement for the individual wrong he had committed.

THE

SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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MARSEILLES.

CHAPTER I.

It was early in the afternoon of an April day, that I approached Marseilles on foot, after having walked from Aix the same morning. Before coming to the range of hills under which Marseilles lies, the number of pretty country houses studding the plain, indicate the approach to a great city; indeed, I thought these indications stronger than in approaching Paris. About two miles from Marseilles, the road reaches the top of the heights, but not having an entirely uninter-

cepted prospect from this spot, I left the road, and made for the top of one of the conical rocky hills, which rise opposite to the sea, and at the foot of which lies the city.

From the height where I seated myself, a boundless prospect lay around. Marseilles, and the forest of masts, amidst which it seemed to be built, lay underneath me;—on either side, the pyramidical hills, that nearly encompass the city,—and before me, the castle-crowned rocks that rise out of the bay. But these were not to me, the objects of the deepest interest. Before me the Mediterranean stretched its blue expanse of waters. It was the first time I had ever gazed upon it. I believe every one is accustomed to associate with the Mediterranean, ideas of softness, beauty and tranquillity; nor were these long cherished images disturbed, by my first view of this fair southern sea. It lay, calm and hushed, imaging in its bosom, the summer sky that stretched above, curtained over with a film of light grey speckled clouds. This was the tideless sea that washed the shores of Italy, and Sicily, and Greece, and Africa. Africa lay opposite; it was the nearest land;—that wide continent of savages, with its weary deserts, and unknown solitudes, and mighty rivers, whose course has alike baffled the learned and the enter-

prising. I let fancy range whithersoever she would,—and soon I was carried across the African continent, and indistinct images of the Cape of Good Hope, and India-bound vessels, and India itself rose up successively. Before the chain of association was broken, I had been wandering among Pagodas, and had passed the great wall of China, and was proceeding into the heart of the Chinese empire.

It wanted little more than an hour of sun-set, when I began to descend to the city.

After passing through some tolerably good suburbs, I found myself in a beautiful boulevard, bordered with rows of fine trees; the space between them being allotted for foot passengers, and two carriage roads running along the outside. All sorts of trades, as well as recreations, were carried on here; and I saw several persons sleeping on the ground. I was informed, upon inquiring at a stall where *comfitures* were sold, that this walk is called the Corso.

I walked on until I reached the quay, which is I dare say, a mile long, and forms a crescent; and as it seemed a lively situation, where every thing was to be seen, I felt an inclination to lodge there. There were great plenty of inns with open doors; but I preferred addressing myself to the mistress of a shop in which olives, almonds,

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and oil were sold, to learn if any private families in the neighbourhood received boarders? and I could not have made a happier application,—for a good bed-room, and the use of a nice parlour, and a table *bien fournie* were at my service, all for sixteen francs per week, in this very identical house; and it was added, that in one hour, supper would be upon the table. I willingly closed with the offer, for *Madame* seemed *charmante*, the parlour clean, the bed-room airy, and I was both tired and hungry, and had no reason to repent my choice, from the supper to which *Madame and Monsieur son Mari* and myself, sat down.

I would take this opportunity of counselling every traveller who is a pedestrian, and who carries with him no visible luggage, however much of the gentleman he may have in his appearance, to insist upon paying a week's board and lodging per advance, whether he go to an inn, or a private house. I do not say, that if he neglects to do this, he will assuredly meet with any thing unpleasant; but his comfort will be perceptibly increased by this unasked pledge of honesty. I regularly pay one week in advance, wherever I travel as a pedestrian in a foreign country, especially in France; or every night, if my stay be limited to a few days; and although a multitude of professions are always made, ex-

pressive of the perfect confidence which is reposed in *Monsieur*, yet *un etranger*, who carries with him no *tangible* passport to confidence, cannot possibly expect to find it in a country, which is the refuge and resort of so many who have forfeited that commodity at home.

I remained at Marseilles only two days; the third, I quitted it to journey to Nice.

There are two species of manufactures at Marseilles, which deserve notice, because they are not met with in such perfection in any other place. The manufactory of coral, and the manufactory of sweetmeats: one thing particularly surprised me, that I had so rarely seen in other countries—the coral ornaments which are manufactured here in so great abundance. In the coral manufactories of Marseilles, that substance is worked into a surprising variety of forms: flowers of almost every kind, may be had in coral; boxes, of every variety of shape, smelling-bottles, animals, and every thing, in short, which we are in the habit of seeing formed of ivory or wood. A great many of these ornamental articles are of pink coral, which is the rarest species. Some few, I saw made of black coral, which is still more valuable. I have mentioned the manufactory of sweetmeats. At Marseilles, the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms are transformed into sugar; and all the

most ingenious specimens of this article of trade, find their way to Paris. The *bon-bons*, which attract all Paris on the *jour de l'an*, are chiefly of Marseilles manufacture. I should think, the insurance of their safe carriage must be *trebly hazardous*.

CHAPTER II.

The Shores of the Mediterranean—The Fishermen of the Mediterranean.

It would have been a very lengthened journey, to have followed the sea-coast from Marseilles to Nice, by way of Toulon: having besides, no particular wish to see Toulon, I took a shorter road, avoiding Toulon, and struck in upon the sea-coast, on the French side of the Maritime Alps at Colloi. I can hardly conceive a town more pleasingly situated than this is; it is seated at the bottom of a small bay, almost inclosed by a range of hills, which are softened into beautiful wooded knolls as they approach the sea, amid which, the white spire, and the neat half vine-covered houses peep out most seductively, and as some of these wooded knolls project into the sea, almost forming islands in the bay, slender

masts, and small white sails, seem to be gliding among the trees and houses. I found here, some newly-built and very pretty little cottages, inhabited by strangers, who preferred the seclusion of this village, to the more enlarged society of Nice. At the little inn, the only one in the place, happening to meet an English servant, I made some inquiries of him as to the names, &c., of the strangers who had chosen this retreat. Among these, there was one, the same as that of a family from which I had received great kindness at Spa, and the name B——m, being an uncommon one, and the result of my other inquiries bearing me out in my suspicions, I wrote a note to the lady, to ascertain the truth. It was not the family I suspected, but I was kindly invited to spend the evening at Mrs. B——m's cottage. I there found English comforts, and English customs; among which I would by no means omit to mention the tea-tray, enough of itself to make me feel at home; and an English lady presiding at the table—enough to make me forget it. In the evening, I was entertained by several well-played duets upon the harp and piano-forte; and before I took leave, I obtained much information, valuable to those who may be in search of a place of sweet retirement, upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Nowhere, do riches seem more worthless, than

here; because their possession could not add an iota to enjoyment.

The sweetest little cottage imaginable—a garden, producing a constant supply of fruit and vegetables, all of the finest description—living, including every delicacy of flesh, fish, and fowl, and abundance of good wine, may all be had for three persons and a servant, for less than seventy pounds a-year.

Beautiful as are the shores of the Mediterranean, and delightful as is the climate there, a walk along the coast is less interesting than upon the shore of almost any other sea; because, there being no tides in the Mediterranean, there are of course few marine productions visible; nor is there any of that variety of prospect, occasioned by the ebb and flow of the tide, which, in seas subject to that phenomenon, gives so much diversity to a sea-side journey. To me, indeed, one of the greatest pleasures of a sea-side walk, is, to tread the hard sand at ebb-tide, occasionally picking up little objects of curiosity,—sometimes arrested by the appearance of strange fishes left in the shallows—leaping over, and needling one's way among the small winding streams that stray through the sands,—and watching the reflux or the progress of the waves. But nothing of this kind can be enjoyed upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Were it not for the peculiar smell that is

always perceivable on the sea-shore,—the birds, which we recognise to be sea-fowl, and the large vessels occasionally seen at a distance, we might easily suppose the Mediterranean to be a large inland-lake; for its shores have much greater affinity with the shores of a lake, than with those of the sea; they are indeed abundantly beautiful, but almost invariably having the attributes of softness and fertility,—no giant breaker-beaten cliffs—no desolate extent of black stones, overgrown with sea-weed—no long reach of bare sands; but its bed, always brimful, and the branches of the olive and the citron trees, almost kissing its waves. It so happened too, that during the whole of the time I spent upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it was never once agitated by storms,—never so boisterous as I have often seen Winandermere: during three entire weeks, a boat such as might be built to navigate Rydal Water, might have been constantly twenty miles off shore, with its sails hoisted to the mast-head. I need hardly say, that this is not always the case. The Mediterranean is subject to the most violent hurricanes, that cover its breast with foam and its coast with breakers; but even when most agitated, we do not find in it the long-swelling and gigantic waves that are seen in those seas which have a greater reach.

I determined upon a new plan of proceeding to Nice. There was every indication of a continuance of calm weather; and it occurred to me, that nothing could be more agreeable than to coast to Nice in a small rowing boat,—making short voyages, and sleeping upon shore; and this plan I put in execution. I bargained with the owner of a very small boat, not more than eleven feet in keel, with two oars, and having a mast and a small three-cornered sail, in case the wind were favourable. This man engaged to take me to a fishing town, the name of which I forget, lying about thirty miles eastward. The whole distance to Nice might be about thirty-five leagues; but I could find no person who would engage to carry me this distance: some had never heard of Nice, —others, who had heard of such a place, could not believe me to be in my senses, when I spoke of engaging an open boat to carry me thither;— and it was even with the greatest difficulty, and not without the sacrifice of a considerably larger sum than was reasonable, that I prevailed with the owner of the boat in question, to perform so extraordinary a voyage as that to which he at length agreed. The fishermen of the villages scattered on the coast of the Mediterranean, are not of the adventurous race, which follow the same occupation on the shores of the more northern

seas: their boats could not indeed live in the tempestuous seas which are braved by the fishermen of Britain or Holland. Nor, perhaps, could the constitutions bred under southern latitudes, be exposed with impunity to the trials almost daily endured by the hardier race of sea-faring men in more inclement climes. But, indeed, the fishermen on the shores of the Mediterranean, have no incentive to risk the dangers that are braved by the British fishermen;—the latter are a species of merchants, and labour to supply the markets, and get money. The former have little or no occasion for money; they almost subsist upon the fruit of their labours, and are still in that degraded condition of society, when subsistence is all that is thought of; and besides, the climate of the south supersedes the necessity of labouring for the purchase of the comforts held requisite in the north. The peasant sleeps only, but does not dwell in a house; it is nothing more than an occasional shelter; and this habit of living in the open air, dispenses in a great measure with the use of furniture, and of all those articles, which, among similar orders of society in England, are deemed indispensible to respectability. The coasting voyage which I made on the Mediterranean, gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habits and manner

of life of the fishermen of its coast. These, in every country, are looked upon as a singular class of people, and I feel it to be a sufficient excuse for these observations, that travellers into France and Italy, have not generally had any opportunity of observing the inhabitants of the small fishing villages, which lie entirely off the high roads, even those that run nearest to the sea, and which are, indeed, hardly accessible unless to pedestrians or coasting boats. Let me anticipate a little, to describe a fishing village upon this coast, at which, during my voyage, I remained one night. It consisted of fourteen huts, or rather hovels, scattered upon the shore, on one side of a deep creek. The reader may possibly have seen at the entrance of some old-fashioned avenues, the jaw-bones of a whale placed upright, and crossed at the top. Upon this principle, these huts were constructed. Branches, fixed in the ground, about three yards apart, were bent so as to meet at the top, and were attached to each other by thongs made of sea-weed; the upright branches were twisted round with a species of coarse grass platted, which was intended to fill up the spaces between the branches. That end of the hut opposite to the entrance, was generally formed by the rising ground against which it was built, with the

exception of a few feet at the top, filled up by turf; the other end, where the entrance was, being entirely open; but, from the manner in which the branches forming the sides were placed, this opening was hardly two feet wide; for the distance between the branches was gradually lessened, until the whole width of the hut at one end was reduced to two feet. There were no windows, and no chimney; for the latter there was indeed no occasion, because the little fire that was occasionally needed, was kindled in the open air. In the interior, there was no furniture whatever, unless some bundles of grass and sea-weed, used for beds, can be called such. These huts were, in fact, as I have already said, only places of occasional shelter. The village contained only three distinct families; the heads of these resided in three of the huts, and the others were of course inhabited by nephews, nieces, and cousins, in many degrees; and, from the inquiries I made, it did not seem to me, that the Scripture commands respecting propinquity of blood in the marriage relation, were adhered to in their very strictest letter. The number of families, or married couples in the village, was twenty-one, and the number of individuals seventy-nine,—which is somewhat less than two children to a family;—not a very favourable fact

for the theory of those physiologists who hold, that a fish diet is conducive to an abundant population. Their only trade is in potted anchovies; one of their number, of discretion and honesty sufficient to entitle him to the confidence of the rest, goes two or three times in the year, in the largest boat, and accompanied by two or three others, to Toulon, to purchase vinegar, and certain spices and materials for fishing, and to sell the anchovies which have been prepared by the community since the last voyage; and also, to buy what clothes and other necessaries they have been commissioned to obtain for those at home. The small number of the comforts, or what we should call the necessities of life, beyond mere subsistence, enjoyed by this fraternity, will appear from the smallness of the sum expended upon them. I ascertained pretty nearly the extent of the traffic in anchovies; and I am enabled to say, that the sum received during a whole year, does not usually exceed sixty pounds sterling, which, without allowing for the price of vinegar and spice, and the expense of the voyage, leaves hardly three pounds to each family, for all the supplies needed beyond the daily subsistence afforded by fish. A much larger traffic than this might be carried on, if the inhabitants were desirous of it; but so low is the state of society in

which they are contented to exist, that subsistence and mere covering are all they covet; and they accordingly prefer spending time in sleep and indolence, to employing it in labours which would put at their disposal, comforts of which they do not feel the want. They grow a few potatoes and beans; and I saw a few pigs, some geese, and one cow. But fish is their staple article of subsistence;—I saw them breakfast upon broiled fish, dine upon broiled fish, and sup upon broiled fish; and I could not learn that this species of diet produced any injurious effects upon health. I forgot to mention, that a small supply of coarse flour, and also a little brandy, is purchased at Toulon, and sometimes at a small town about eight miles inland; the former of these is mixed with potatoe, and is made into hard cakes; and let me not omit the native fruits of the country, which afford a wholesome article of food, and are gathered by the younger members of the community. These observations apply generally to all the fishing villages and hamlets upon this part of the coast of the Mediterranean, though the individual details I have given, have reference only to the village where I made my inquiries.

I have omitted to mention, that once every three months a priest, from one of the nearest establishments, visits this village; cancels the

venial sins that have been contracted in that remote spot,—or the deadlier ones which the temptations of Toulon may have occasioned; all, however, equally easily dealt with by auricular confession and holy spunges;—unites in wedlock the young fishermen and fisherwomen who sigh for each other;—admits into the bosom of the Church, the sinless creatures who have no need of its protection;—and departs with the blessings of the fishermen, and, perhaps, with a few pots of their anchovies; and leaving behind him, as his representatives, some ivory and wooden saints, and one or two farthing prints of the virgin and the crucifixion! Let me add to these details, that at a short distance from the village is a small burying-ground, where the fathers of the hamlet, for many generations, sleep. Small pieces of wood, in the form of crosses, point out the spot where lie their ashes; and the names and ages of the inheritors beneath are, for the most part, rudely carved upon them. From an inspection of these I found, that the inhabitants of this village live as long as those who fare better. Sixty seemed to be not an unfrequent lease of life, which, in a southern latitude, may be considered a good old age.

CHAPTER III.

A Coasting Voyage—The isle of St. Honorat—A false Alarm—Return to the Mainland.

I NOW return to Colloi, and the commencement of my coasting voyage. The day before that fixed for my departure, the man with whom I had bargained seemed inclined to draw back from his agreement; he offered, if I would free him of his bargain, to take me to St. Tropes, or Frejus, without any charge; and at either of those places he said, I should find no difficulty in getting a bark of forty or fifty tons, to take me as far as ever I chose. But, having set my mind upon the plan of making a coasting voyage in an open boat, I determined not to relinquish it; and threatened the boat-owner, that if he made more words I would apply to the nearest commissary, and he at last consented to hold to his bargain.

Another difference arose on the morning of our departure: the wind, though very gentle, was fair, and he wished to go the first day as far as Frejus, which was about fifteen miles distant; but to this I would by no means consent. The port of Frejus (for Frejus itself, though a sea-port in the time of the Romans, is not so now), lies in the hollow of a bay; and although the wind was fair for reaching Frejus, I knew, that if it continued in the same direction, or increased, it would be no easy matter to get away from it. Frejus was, besides, at least a league off our direct course; and though it possesses some interest as the birth-place of Agricola, and as the spot also where Napoleon disembarked from his mock captivity at Elba, I felt disinclined to deviate from my course upon its account; and insisted that we should set our little sail to clear altogether the bay in which Frejus is situated, and trust to chance for finding quarters upon the shore more to the eastward.

On a May morning then, about nine o'clock, we rowed away from the rude pile of stones which serves as a pier at Colloi, and hoisted our little sail; and before a light breeze from the south west, that just rippled the surface of the water, soon left behind us the white spire and wooded knolls of the village. For the first hour

and a half, our boat made gallant way, spurning from it the little sparkling waves that seemed racing to oppose us,—and bringing into greater distinctness the line of coast before us; but the breeze began to die away, our sail hung loosely down, and the gurgling sound of the water beneath our prow was unheard. It became a dead calm; and having lowered our sail, we each took an oar. Nothing can be imagined more perfectly enchanting than the scene around us. We were now about halfway across the mouth of the bay, which is nearly nine miles over, and were about five miles distant from the shore at the bottom of it; behind, before, and on the left hand, was the coast, nearly equidistant, arrayed in all the green luxuriance of early summer, and sloping upwards in a beautiful amphitheatre of woods, vineyards, and meadows. Behind, the lovely village we had left was seen rising out of the water; to the left, the citadel of St. Tropes rose above the west headland of the bay; on the east reach of the bay, on a small plain, stood Frejus; before us, the coast, variegated with all the hues and shadows which were thrown upon it, stretched in a long unequal line; to the right hand lay the ocean, like a vast mirror, partly shrouded by the light morning mists that yet hovered upon its breast, and spotted to the eastward by one or two

islands, that lay like small clouds upon its blue expanse. It was a scene, in the contemplation of which, one might resign himself to the luxury of passive existence.

Our little boat went gently onward; I left the oars to the management of the boatman, and sat in the stern, wholly given up to the enjoyment of my own feelings, and caring very little for the progress we made; nor did my conductor seem over anxious to make speed,—for, after a little while, the motion of the oars grew slacker, and, at length, they lay idly under his hands, and he fell fast asleep. I was in no haste to awake him; I gently withdrew the oars from under his hands, and sitting down on the bench before him, just dimpled the water with them, to keep us in the course, and make way rather than lose it. In about an hour he awoke, and it was then time to have recourse to my store of provisions, to which I applied myself with an excellent appetite. My seafaring companion had wisely trusted to my foresight in this particular,—excepting in the article of brandy; with this, he judged it safest to provide himself.

It was now between three and four in the afternoon, and we had entirely crossed the bay, and doubled its east headland, and were drawing near to the coast, along which I proposed

to row, until we should arrive at some village or hamlet where we might pass the night. Two or three very agreeable hours were spent in this manner; and sunset arrived without bringing us to any place of shelter; and as it would shortly be too dark to continue our course, as the moon would not rise for an hour or two, I thought it best to row for some creek, and spend the night in the open air; which, indeed, on such a night as this, could hardly be called an inconvenience. The prospect of a good supper from my stores reconciled my companion to this arrangement. We accordingly rowed into a small pebbly creek, sheltered on one side by a ledge of moderately high rocks; here we put ashore, and having drawn the boat upon dry land, began to make preparations for the night; these were neither difficult nor numerous. Plenty of long coarse grass grew close to the sea-beech; this I placed in pretty large quantities upon the loose pebbles, which make a yielding and not unpleasant bed; and with my knapsack for my pillow, and a piece of coarse blanketing which I had purposely procured at Colloi, I had no reason to complain of my night's quarters. I was not however in great haste to retire to them. Supper was first dispatched: I appropriated to myself the wing of a cold turkey, and handed to my

neighbour a large piece of pork, and some Bologna sausage; and having assuaged his thirst with a deep draught from my flagon of wine, and a well-sized glassful of his own brandy, of which he offered me a share, he laid himself down by the side of his boat, and was soon asleep.

It is a beautiful sight, to see the light of a May day die upon the bosom of the Mediterranean; I withdrew a little way from my sleeping companion, and clambering over the rock, sat down upon the other side of it. Soon the golden clouds faded to ashen, and then deepened into grey: one gleam departed from the face of the waters, and then another, until, not a trace of lingering day was left. Then the stars came out from their depths,—and the hushed sea lay, imaging in its breast the "immortal lights," that watched above. It was now time to rest, and I threw myself upon my bed. Mine was not perhaps, a situation of perfect security; I was here far distant from all help, on a lonely coast, and in the power of an individual of whom I knew little, excepting his avarice; nothing could have been easier than to dispatch me while sleeping;—put off with the boat, drop my mortal part into the waves before daylight, and after spending two or three days in the creek, which my provisions would have allowed him to do, return home

with his booty:—but every fisherman on the Mediterranean is not a Spalatro; they are on the contrary I believe, a simple, well-meaning people. Such suspicions never indeed crossed my mind; I lay down, as I always do, with a small loaded pistol beside me; and a step among the loose gravel must instantly have awoke me; but I neither feared, nor had cause to fear any thing. I slept soundly for several hours; and awoke about two in the morning, refreshed and comfortable. It was a delicious night, or morning rather; the moon was high, but some opaque clouds hid her from me, and for the time cast a shadow over the sea, excepting one luminous spot, which, like an island of light, received the moon-beams from behind the clouds: but in a little while the moon emerged upon the cloudless sky, and then it was beautiful to see along the line of coast, the small waves, which as they curled over were for a moment tipped with light, and seemed to dissolve beneath it. I returned again to my bed, and slept soundly until near six. When I awoke, my companion still slept, and I roused him by firing my pistol close to his ear. I had brought coffee with me, ready prepared, and which only required to be heated; I had also materials for striking a light, or rather, for speedy ignition, for my pistol was sufficient for the former; the dry

grass, and a few pieces of rotten wood, soon made a blazing fire; and I breakfasted as comfortably, and upon as delicious coffee, as if I had been in the *Café de Paris*, in place of on the sea-beach. My companion preferred meat, bread, and a mouthful of wine.

We now prepared for our departure; launched the boat, took in our stores, and grasped our oars,—for it was still a breathless calm; but even without the assistance of our sail, there was nothing to prevent our reaching the station to which the boatman had agreed to carry me; and which could not be more than sixteen miles distant. We coasted along very pleasantly for several miles, still under a dead calm. The shore now became somewhat bolder, and more picturesque; for we were approaching the barrier between France and Italy; and the ridges of the Maritime Alps were now seen dimly, stretching into the interior—and, softened into gentler acclivities, reaching down to the sea: our voyage continued with nothing particular to diversify it, until past noon, when we had made, as nearly as I could guess, about ten miles progress; we were rowing at this time, about a mile and a half off shore, and I had for some time before, perceived an island to the right, about six or seven miles out at sea, which I felt a considerable inclination to

visit; but this I was sure my companion would strongly object to; I determined, however, to steal a march upon him. After dinner, perceiving that he was getting exceedingly drowsy, and that a fine air was rising from the shore,—I desired him to take a nap, and resign the oars to me: No sooner was he asleep, than I threw aside the oars, fixed the sail, and altered our course; but wishful, if possible, to gain the island before my companion awoke, I resumed the oars also, and in about an hour and a half, during all which time he lay fast asleep in the bottom of the boat, the sail and my exertions at the oar together, brought me within a few hundred yards of the island. I could, of course, have bargained with my conductor to carry me to the island,—nor had I any wish, in carrying him there against his will, to deprive him of the additional fare which he would be entitled to for keeping his boat a longer time than was bargained for: in fact I was putting myself more in his power, by not making a previous engagement; but I wished to enjoy his surprise when he should awake, and find himself at St. Honorat, in place of at his destination.

The shore of this little island is rocky; but I discovered a small sandy creak, into which I ran the boat,—and my companion was awoke by its

grounding. It would be impossible for me to describe his surprise. At first, he had not the smallest idea where I had landed him; but his countenance expressed the utmost degree of bewilderment, mingled with some indications of fear. At length, the mists slowly cleared away from his visual and mental perceptions,--and when he understood that he was at St. Honorat, (as little known to him as to me), his bewailings became loud: "It is impossible for us," said he, "to reach the mainland to-night, and if a storm should arise and detain us here, we shall be *starved alive.*" It was to no purpose that I assured him of a continuance of good weather, referring him to the serenity of the sky,—and told him that I had food enough for several days, for both him and myself;—even the assurance of a reasonable enlargement of his remuneration, failed, at first, to tranquillize him. Eying askance my wallet of provisions, which to say the truth was but a slender storehouse for more than two days, he told me that storms sometimes occurred in the Mediterranean, which lasted a fortnight. I answered him, that now since he was here he must make the best of it; and that he had better moor the boat, and come on shore: I promised, however, that if the night should prove fine, I would leave the island when the moon rose. At length, my

companion was, or appeared to be satisfied, and began quietly to make his arrangements till midnight.

It wanted at least four hours of dark,—and this interval I resolved to spend in walking round the island. I left my boatman stretched upon the ground, and set out. There is not much to tell respecting St. Honorat, which is a mere uninhabited rock, about two miles and a half in circumference, producing some coarse pasturage, and a few olive trees, the produce of which is probably unappropriated, and scarcely worth appropriating. My walk possessed no great interest, unless that species of interest which accompanies any wandering in an unfrequented place. Not being much skilled in any branch of natural history, something is lost to the enjoyment of a ramble like this; though, on the other hand, botanists and mineralogists are so intent upon their single avocation, that they are incapable of that vague, undefined species of enjoyment, which is swelled from many sources, and is, I suspect, a full equivalent for hammering stones, or pulling flowers to pieces. I remember, when I was a little boy, to have heard the late Hon. Henry Erskine, than whom a more talented man has seldom existed, say, that he knew of no greater pleasure than lying upon the side of a green

acclivity, with his face towards the sky, and dreaming away an hour. In my walk round St. Honorat, I saw a considerable number of sea-birds, with black bodies and red bills, sitting in the water; and I also saw the largest dragon-fly I ever met with; I busied myself for some time in endeavouring to catch it, not to stick a pin through it, and place it in my entomological case, but to restore it to the citron blossoms of the mainland, from whence I thought it probable the wind might have carried it into its present exile; but not being aware of my good intentions, it defied all my endeavours. While wandering along the untrodden coast of this little islet, I could not but sympathise with the feelings which Dr. Johnson expresses during his tour in the Hebrides, when he supposes himself the sole proprietor of an island, and the dispenser of laws and regulations. An island, be it ever so small, seems the type of an independent dominion; and this, Cervantes seems to have felt, when he makes Sancho dream of the sovereignty of an island; and I, in walking upon the little sea-girt St. Honorat, and fancying myself its lord, felt myself grow into more consequence, than if a similar fancy had dubbed me lord of ten times the extent of land, surrounded by the possessions of others. Was it not this

same feeling also, that determined the choice of the sovereigns of Europe, in sending Napoleon to Elba, and making him emperor of it;—fancying that he would not be sensible of the loss of the sceptre of France, when sole lord of a spot of earth, with no sovereignty to touch upon his, save that of the sea; and I should not be surprised that Napoleon fell at times under this delusion. May we not refer to the same principle, the enthusiasm felt for their country, by those British whose education and station in life do not qualify them to know the true foundation of their country's greatness, but who know only, that no dominion save that of the ocean, encroaches upon it?

When I returned to the point from which I started, I found my companion, as I expected, sleeping. The moment he awoke, a new cause of alarm seized upon him; he looked attentively out to sea; and I saw fear fast gathering upon his countenance. I inquired of him what it was that so strongly arrested his attention, and what was the matter with him?—he pointed out to me, a small vessel bearing down from the westward, and appearing from her course as if she would pass at no great distance from the island. He assured me it was an African,—and that if they descried us in this unprotected condition, we should be taken prisoners and sold for slaves. I ridiculed

the idea, telling him how unlikely it was, that a vessel of that description, which is liable to be captured by whoever is able to do so, would approach so near to the shore; but my argument had no weight with him; he told me, that two years ago, a boat from a Barbary vessel had come into the very harbour of his village, about day-break, and had carried away a bark laden with cloth, bound from Toulon to Livorne, which had anchored there the night before,—that the crew, which consisted of three men and a boy, were on shore, excepting the boy, who was carried off; and to this story he added, that such vessels had no fear of coming near shore, because they could sail faster than any large vessel, and were too well armed to dread small ones. Whether there was any truth in this story of the boatman, I have no means of ascertaining: he, however, confirmed his veracity by as many appeals to the patron saint of the island as must, I think, have produced an earthquake, and swallowed him up, if the saint had been falsely invoked, and possessed the power of punishing an affront to his dignity. The vessel soon approached within less than a mile of our station, running between the island and the mainland. My companion insisted that he plainly saw the faces of the crew, and that they were black; my visual sense did not permit

me either to assent, or to contradict him. I must confess, however, the vessel was not rigged, as I had ever before seen a vessel: her two masts were extremely tall, and of the same height; she carried a great press of sail, which indeed was all required, the breeze being so light—her make was extremely slender, and her burden, not as it seemed to me, more than fifty or sixty tons; and in her side, there were either real or mock port-holes; but which, I was unable to make out, though my companion distinctly saw the swivels through them. The bark however continued its course, and his fears began to abate. In one thing he certainly spoke truly,—no vessel could have had the least chance of overtaking her, not at least in so light a breeze, when there was no danger in crowding sail; with even a moderate wind, however, it would have been impossible for her to have carried one half of the sail under which she was then scudding along.

Shortly after this adventure, if it can be called such, the sun went to bed, and we went to supper,—with good appetites, and with plenty to satisfy them. It was not worth while this night, to make many preparations for sleeping, as we intended to depart in little more than four hours. I withdrew about two hundred yards from the coast, and lay down in a grassy hollow, where

sleep soon stole upon me, and continued until I was awoke by a step close to me. I started up, and was accosted by the boatman, who told me the moon had been risen some time, and that if I pleased, we had better leave the island. It was then just half-past eleven; and we immediately unmoored the boat, and put off. We rowed by half-hours in turns, and made rapid way; the breeze which had carried us to the island, and which still continued at the time when we saw the strange sail, had entirely dropped, and it was now again a perfect calm. We glided on pleasantly beneath the moonlight, our oars dropping light upon the glassy sea, and with no sound to break the midnight stillness, excepting only that of our dipping oars; for so smooth was the water, that our progress did not create the smallest ripple. In about three hours, or little more, we were close under the mainland; the shore was low, and trees grew almost to the water's edge, standing like rows of giants, and flinging their shadows forward into the sea; we rowed under them along the coast, and in about an hour, morning beginning to break, my companion announced that we were less than a league from the place of his destination. Upon making this discovery, one might have supposed that he was returning from a voyage to the Antarctic pole, so extravagant

were his exclamations of joy; and finding that he could shortly promise himself a new supply of brandy, he put the bottle to his mouth, and swallowed every drop that was in it; there could not have been a very great quantity remaining, however, as no ill effects followed. As we neared our destination, morning broke forth, bringing with it a gentle air, that crept over the surface of the deep; and soon the dimpling waters blushed and trembled beneath the rays of the new-risen sun. At length we reached the promised haven, which was a natural harbour formed by the rocks, and upon turning into it, the first object that met our eyes, was the identical *Barbary ship*, which had caused so much alarm to my voyage companion, and had even put my own curiosity a little upon the stretch. He maintained at first, that it could not be the same vessel; but in a little while was forced to admit, that the African was only a Genoese bark, returning to her own port from Marseilles, where she had been exchanging silk for grain; that the crew were white men; and that there were no swivels on deck to be seen through her port-holes. Nothing, said he, can be more fortunate for you, she will land you at Nice, and carry you there in half a day; but I was in no haste to reach Nice, and determined to finish my voyage as I had begun it; and though most

tempting offers, both as regarded expedition and cheapness, were made to me by the master of the Genoese bark, I preferred entering into a new bargain with the owner of a rowing boat, whose movements I could entirely control—stopping or proceeding at pleasure; sleeping on shore, and indulging in whatever freaks I had a mind to, at the sacrifice of a few additional ducats.

I was still, at the least, forty miles from Nice, for which three days would be required, supposing no assistance from the wind; it was necessary, therefore, to lay in a new stock of provisions, and this was not the most favourable place for doing so; it was a very inconsiderable village, and seemingly but slenderly provided with any kind of provisions, excepting salted fish. I succeeded in making purchase of a live sucking pig, which was prepared and roasted under my directions, and proved during the remainder of my voyage, a most excellent and palatable mess, though partaken of without its usual condiments. The boat which I hired at this village, and in which I bargained for a conveyance all the way to Nice, was considerably larger than the other. It admitted the use of four oars, and had two masts, carrying three small sails; and the owner assured me, that with a fair wind, he could reach Nice in a single day.

CHAPTER IV.

Continuation of the Voyage.

THE Genoese bark sailed about three hours after I arrived, and we followed about mid-day,—I wished to have departed sooner, but my culinary preparations would not allow of it. We set all our sails, for there was a fine fair puff of wind, and each took two oars; so that we scudded merrily on,—a fine swell at our prow, and a pathway of snow at our stern; doubling one headland after another, and keeping in sight, or as it appeared to us, rather gaining upon the Genoese bark, which had at least four hours the start of us.

I do not know that, during the remainder of this voyage, much occurred that is worthy of recording. The breeze continued until evening, and, at an early hour, we came to anchor at the

little fishing village, whose statistics have already furnished matter for one of these chapters. This night, a heavy rain forced me to sleep under cover of one of the huts, and as early as four o'clock next morning the uncomfortableness of my night's lodging forced me to the sea-beach. My boatman was asleep in the bottom of his boat, and I roused him in my usual way. The rain had entirely ceased; but a dense mist hung over the sea, which seemed not likely to be soon dissipated, as the breeze of yesterday had been again succeeded by a dead calm. Anxious to reach Nice that evening, I hastened the operations of breakfast, and before five we had pushed off from shore. For several hours the fog continued as dense as ever; and I began to be afraid, that this day I should entirely lose the prospects on shore, which I regretted the more that we were approaching the boundary between France and Italy, where the Maritime Alps lose themselves in the Mediterranean.

Between ten and eleven, however, the atmosphere began to grow lighter; gradually the mists seemed to lift themselves up from the water; now and then, faint gleams of sunshine pierced through;—at length, they became more frequent and steady;—the whole vault of heaven was laid bare, and the wide expanse of waters lay revealed to the rays of the mid-day sun.

We were now exactly opposite to the boundary between France and Italy,—sloping, and in some places precipitous heights, rose from the water's edge, and stretched in higher and higher elevations inland; and the more softened line of the Genoese coast lay in many undulations before us. For two hours after midday the heat was excessive; the sun poured his rays down from an unclouded sky, and the polished water acting as a reflector, increased the heat and glare; but about two o'clock, a light breeze sprung up, cooling the air and breaking the polish of the water, and carrying us pleasantly along, at the rate of about five miles an hour.

We now stood a little way out to sea, as I wished to have a view of Nice in approaching it; and about six in the afternoon, the rock and citadel of Nice, and soon, the bay and town, opened upon us. I had now brought my experiment of a coasting voyage to a happy conclusion; and when I reflected upon the many agreeable hours I had spent during its continuance,—the novel and beautiful prospects it had afforded, and the information I had gained respecting places and people comparatively little known, I could not help applauding myself upon a choice, which I hope may serve as a hint to future travellers

who would gladly leave high roads, dust, and imposition, if they but knew in what other way the journey could be accomplished. I am decidedly of opinion, that in place of going from Paris to Milan by Mont Cenis, a far more varied and agreeable route would be, to descend the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon; to travel by land, from Avignon to Toulon; to make a coasting voyage from Toulon, either to Nice or Genoa, and from thence to Milan.

CHAPTER V.

The Grave of the Wedded Pair.

ONE evening, about a week after I had arrived in Nice, while sitting upon the sea-beach, watching the little waves fretting upon a low ledge of rocks that stretched into the sea, I fell into one of those reveries when, from small beginnings, the mind eventually shapes something which has the vividness of reality: gradually, my vague imaginings began to arrange themselves—and at length, the following connected vision was formed in the crucible of fancy.

"And this," said I, awaking from a long and deep reverie, while my eyes still continued fixed

upon the mound of earth, and its simple obelisk, "and this, is Orville's grave!"—"You knew Orville, then?" said a voice close to me, and in English. I turned hastily round, and saw, within a few paces of me, an aged man, habited as a Protestant divine, in whose countenance it was easy to read, that sympathy, and not curiosity had dictated the interrogatory. He immediately apologised for the seeming intrusion; but judging from what he had seen and heard, that this was the grave of *my* friend as well as of his, he had ventured to approach and address me: "Orville," said he, "died in my arms: he and his wife lie here together; I laid their heads in the grave." I then told him, that Orville was my earliest and dearest friend; that only six months ago, I had assisted at his nuptials; that his wife was a near and much esteemed relative of my own; that I had travelled hither purposely to see them; and that before I reached Nice, the report of their dreadful fate had met me. "Dreadful, indeed!" said my companion; "I have been now thirty years in Nice, and during all that time, I have never known any so universally beloved as Orville and his wife: you have said, I think, you are acquainted with their fate?" "I am as yet," I replied, "but imperfectly acquainted with the particulars of the story, which I have only gleaned

from public report; you, no doubt, are able to give me the details." "I will show you your friend's own record of the awful event that deprived him of his spouse; from that moment, reason forsook him, and only returned a few hours before death: that short interval he employed in leaving a brief memorial, for the satisfaction of his own and his wife's relations." I turned from the grave, with the sympathizing old man; he pressed upon me the hospitality of his house with that air of sincerity which had a right to expect compliance; and shortly after he gave me the record he had promised, which I immediately recognised as the hand-writing of Orville.

"*Nice, September*, 1826.

"I thank God, that before I follow Agnes, reason has been restored to me, that I may leave a brief record of that awful event which I alone witnessed.

"Every evening towards sun-set, I walked with Agnes on the sea-beach. This was one of our greatest enjoyments; it was then, we spoke of the past, and planned for the future, and together, admired the scene around, and the beautiful summer sea that swelled before us. There is a ridge of low rocks that stretches in a curve into the sea, forming within it, a small, calm bay.

We often walked to the extremity of these rocks; at length, habit led us thither every evening. On the last afternoon of our intended sojourn in Nice, we walked out as usual, and in the same direction. We talked of our journey on the morrow, and of our return home; and while we spoke of the many happy hours we had spent on this beautiful shore, we had insensibly turned upon the ridge of rocks. "Not this evening," Agnes said, "let us go rather through the citron wood." "Let us first," said I, "take a farewell of our chosen resort." We went onward, remarking that we had never seen the Mediterranean so perfectly realize our early impressions of it,—so calm—so lovely. As we proceeded, we separated; for towards the extremity, the ledge next the water is narrow. "Agnes," said I, as I walked on first, "step carefully;" scarce had I spoken the words, when a piercing shriek, and a plunge —— reason is again leaving me; merciful God! preserve it to me yet a little while —— I turned, only in time to see her sink, with outstretched arms, beneath the water that calmly closed above her. I saw her, for the water was clear as crystal; I saw her, as if standing; I knew her face,—my Agnes' face!—and her arms were stretched towards me; but the sea-weed was tangled round her, and held her—and her form waved slowly to-and-

fro. God of heaven—what a sight! the clearness of the water mocked me; I thought I could reach her, and I stretched my arm towards her, but I was deceived; she seemed to look reproachfully at me; and again, with extended arms, appeared to implore me, her husband, to save her. I cried, in the agony of despair, for help; but the sound was convulsed in the throat, and would not come forth. 'If I cannot save thee, I will perish with thee!' and from that moment I but remember the plunge, and that I retained sense long enough to know, that I clasped my wife in my arms beneath the water. This is all I am able to record; I was rescued from the waves; how, I know not; but when I awoke to life, Agnes was not with me."

"A heart-rending narrative," said I, as I returned the manuscript to its owner; requesting any farther details. "Some fishermen, said he, were drawing for anchovies on the outside of the rock; they heard the shriek, and came in time to restore Orville to temporary life, but too late to save Agnes. Orville lived but an hour after he had finished the narrative you have read. All his own countrymen, and many foreigners and natives followed the wedded pair to their grave: it was a sorrowful spectacle: and when the first shovel

of earth sounded upon their one coffin, you would have said, that the grave was surrounded, not by strangers; but by parents, and brothers and sisters, and early friends.

My reverend host offered to accompany me to the fatal spot. I accepted his offer, and we walked together towards the sea-coast. "Who would think," said he, as we turned upon the ledge of rocks, and looked at the little bay, lovely and unruffled, imaging in its breast the curdled clouds that were floating above; "who would think, that aught so placid and beautiful, should be associated with death." I approached the fatal spot, and looked down; the water was so transparent, that I could see the shells and pebbles at the bottom; but when I saw also, the sea-weed stretching its shaggy arms from the rock, I shuddered and crept back. Alas! my poor cousin; I saw her step into the carriage with her husband, happy and blooming,—and in this spot, the slimy sea-weed clasped her.

ITALY.

ITALY.

A WALK FROM FERRARA TO PADUA.

CHAPTER I.

Affected Enthusiasm.

I BELIEVE there is no country in Europe, in which there is so little pedestrianism, as in Italy; and I am constrained to make the acknowledgment, that my Italian journeys have left fainter recollections behind them, than others through less classic lands. And this will be best explained by another still bolder acknowledgment. I con-

fess, I have never felt the same enthusiasm for Italy, that all travellers, whose books I have ever read, have, or pretend to have felt. Whether it be, that every traveller who visits Italy, was an erudite classic and a worshipper of the fine arts, before leaving England; or, that classic recollections are ripened into adoration of clasic lore, and a love of the fine arts imbibed, and a knowledge of them taught, by "a six months' tour in Italy," I know not; but I never yet looked into a book of travels in that country, from which one might not reasonably conclude, that the writer is at once a member of the Royal Academy,—of the Worshipful Society of Antiquaries—and of the University of Oxford.

A book filled with descriptions of pictures, is to me, a most tiresome book. If, in description of any kind, the writer cannot present to the mind of the reader, a vivid representation of the thing which he describes, the attempt at description is a failure; and I contend that to do this with respect to pictures, is an impossibility. A well known work upon Italy, which I have lately read, at the conclusion of a chapter, filled from beginning to end with descriptions of paintings, says, "But they must be seen in order to convey any idea of the wonders which the creative art can work." I am of the same opinion; but

in the work from which I have quoted, the discovery is made too late, by the whole length of a chapter.

But, leaving the fine arts, and approaching the classic recollections with which Italy abounds, I cannot help thinking that there is some mixture of affectation, in the rhapsodies which all Italian travellers, male and female, pour forth, the moment foot is set upon the classic ground of Italy.

To my mind, the Romans are not a wonderful people,—nor does the history of ancient Italy awaken in me, any violent admiration of its inhabitants.

War and plunder, and cruelty and oppression, are the great landmarks of Roman history; the sciences have no place in it,—nor has literature, until the time of Augustus; and with respect to poetry, of which the literature of that period chiefly consists, it can hardly be said to be an original literature; and I cannot help being of opinion besides, that there is no small portion of it which owes much of its fame to the Augustan age, in which it was produced. Horace for example, is an elegant writer, remarkable for beauty of diction and felicity of expression; but take away these, and I suspect that the elements of true poetry, will be found

to be too unsubstantial to form the basis of a high poetic reputation.

With respect to the architectural remains which are to be found in Italy,—every one knows, that the Romans executed only, but did not invent. Those remains are indeed interesting; but the interest arises from their inherent beauty, and would exist, although the building once upheld by the columns that lie prostrate, had never been used as baths by Vespasian, nor resounded with the shouts of a brutal multitude, at the butcheries of "a Roman holiday."

With respect to Venice; the associations with her, are of a different description. No sooner does a traveller get within sight of St. Marc, than he begins to rave about the Doges, and past glory,—and if the traveller chance to be poetically inclined, we are sure to find Venice addressed as the "City of the sea," or

> The ocean queen,
> Throned on her hundred isles.

But it appears to me, that Venice, whether contemplated historically, or as a mere visual object, is essentially prosaic. The history of Venice is the history of commerce, at a particular epoch: it records few traits of generosity, self-devotion, or nobility of soul; it is full of the cunning arti-

fices, and crooked policy, which may be expected to be found among a people whose sole aim was riches; and abounds in intrigues for political power, and gross perversions of justice, diametrically opposed to the elements of poetry and enthusiasm. Indeed, the truth of this view has received strong confirmation, from the failure of a formal attempt by the first poet of the age to extract poetry from Venetian history. I allude to "the Doge of Venice" by Lord Byron, who, with all his mighty powers, and enthusiast, as he professes himself to be, in all that regards Venice, has been unable to weave a poetical drama out of the dry details of state intrigue.

If we contemplate Venice merely externally, there is nothing to excite poetic raptures. Straight dirty canals and stone bridges; the land and the sea equally level; regular rows of poplar trees, and hardly any other species. It is difficult to conceive, how a town can be poetical in itself, without reference to the surrounding country; and without hill, and dale, and rock, and wood, and streams, I cannot suppose beauty; nor consequently, any of the elements of poetry, in a country which is wanting in them all. Venice is a strange novel-looking place, and well worth seeing; but, to rave in poetic raptures of its external aspect, or to wind up the mind to

feelings of enthusiasm, about its "long line of Doges," are follies, which in some writers may be attributed to weakness, and in others, to affectation.

CHAPTER II.

Ferrara and its neighbourhood.

It was on the evening of a showery day in the latter end of May, that I set foot in Ferrara. The climate of the morning had been more like that of England than of Italy; but towards evening, these northern appearances passed away, and one could look up and recognise Italian skies. The road on the Bologna side, by which I came, is particularly uninteresting. The country is almost entirely flat, and a great part of it marshy and full of rushes. There is much beauty, however, of a particular kind, in the appearance of Italian marshes. Madame de Stael says: "Les lieux mareçageux et malsains, dans le Nord, sont annonceés par leur effrayant aspect; mais, dans les contreés les plus funestes du midi, la nature

conserve une sérénité dont la douceur trompeuse fait illúsion aux voyageurs." This is spoken with reference to a more southern latitude than that of Lombardy; but it is in a certain degree applicable to all marshy land south of the Alps. The marshes which lie between Bologna and Ferrara, were, when I passed by them, covered with every variety of water flowers, of all colours, particularly white and purple, some of them emitting a perfume that hindered the noxious marshy smell from being perceivable.

If I thought it would be conveying any information to my readers, I would devote one chapter to the unfortunate Tasso,—and another to the neglected Ariosto. In the first of these chapters, I would speak of Tasso's long captivity and unlawful hopes, and quote Lord Byron;—and in the other of these chapters, I would speak of the sarcophagus of costly marbles, wherein repose the ashes of the chivalrous Ariosto, and quote Mr. Steuart Rose, or, possibly, even some verses of the original: but, as every guide who shews to the stranger the lions of Ferrara, tells him all, and more than all I know upon the subject,—and as there are many who, since returning from their travels, have told the world all that has been told to them,—I conclude that the world is, by this time, tolerably well acquainted with the lives,

captivity, and death, of these restorers and perfecters of Italian poetry.

I do not recollect that I have any thing to say worth communicating respecting Ferrara, excepting, that I looked attentively for the "grass-grown streets," which I had often read of as characteristic of Ferrara; but I saw none such. I saw some geese in the streets, so that possibly the grazings of the town had been let, the year I was there.

I left Ferrara about six, the morning after I entered it. As far as Rovigo, the country is perfectly destitute of interest,—flat, marshy, and badly cultivated,—the passage of the Po alone diversified the journey. At Rovigo, I ate some apple-fritters in a cook's shop, and towards evening I arrived on the banks of the Adige, where I passed the night, at a house which serves the double purpose of an inn and a custom-house.

CHAPTER III.

The Adige—A Night of imminent Peril.

I AM about to claim credit for being a traveller of extraordinary veracity,—a merit which I am sure will readily be conceded to me, by every reader who has got thus far into the first volume, without having read of one "hair-breadth 'scape," or one peril by flood or fire. The journals of most travellers are prettily sprinkled in this way; and, I cannot help thinking mine a case of extreme hardship, to have travelled, and alone too, through so many countries, without having been once exposed to danger, or having even once seen death staring me in the face;—to have traversed Hungary, and Norway, and Bohemia, and the deserted coasts of the Mediterranean, without having been once attacked by banditti or by bears,—without once having been shipwrecked on

a sunken rock, or taken by pirates and sold into slavery; without in short, having encountered a single one of the thousand perils which I read of with so much interest, in the journal of every tourist who ventures off the high-road. The chances of travel having been so niggardly to me, I take some credit to myself for not having fancied or dreamed of those perils which destiny has kept at a distance from me, and for having detailed only mere matter of fact, when, by a slight indulgence of the imagination, I might so easily have diversified my narrative with the most imposing adventures. Now, however, fortune is beginning to treat me more kindly, and in this chapter I am about to speak of a night of imminent peril, without forfeiting my character for veracity.

Those of my readers who have walked on the banks of the Adige, below Rovigo, will know, that about a league and a half from that town, there are one or two islands in the midst of the channel, between which and the shore, the water is not more than a foot deep; and those who have never stirred from home have probably heard, that the Adige is extremely subject to violent inundations, equally remarkable for the suddenness of their rise and fall, owing to its mountainous origin and short course.

On the evening of one of the last days of May, I arrived opposite to one of these islands. The water was as pure as crystal, gently flowing over a fine pebbly channel; the island, which might be about forty yards from the shore upon which I stood, though more than double that distance on the other side, was inviting from its extreme greenness, and from a profusion of hyacinths upon one side; a flower to which I am extremely partial. Three or four trees also grew upon its edge, the trunks inclining over the water, and with but few branches. After a day's walk, nothing is more agreeable than wading in a stream; and as I had sufficient time to spare, I resolved upon reaching the island. This was soon accomplished; I found the depth nowhere exceed two feet, and the island, when I reached it, as agreeable as I had fancied it to be; and having culled a large *bouquet*, I lay down upon the hyacinth bank, and gave myself up to those pleasant recollections of home and past scenes, which the fragrance of this flower brought along with it.

I had lain, I think, about a quarter of an hour, entirely forgetful of time and place,—a busy actor in scenes far removed by both,—when my attention was slightly roused by a distant sound, which I supposed at first to be thunder, a good deal

having been heard to the northward in the course of the day; and when it continued, and grew louder, I still supposed it was one of those prolonged peals, which are so frequent to the south of the Alps. Soon, however, the sound changed, and seemed like the sea; and, as it became still louder, I started up in some alarm, and—great God! what a sight met my eye. At the distance of a few hundred yards, I saw a mountain of dark waters rushing towards me with inconceivable velocity, like a perpendicular wall, and now roaring louder than the loudest thunder. Not a moment was to be lost; the level of the island would be instantly covered, and to gain the shore was impossible—for we cannot run through water with the swiftness with which we pass over dry ground. I instantly made for the largest of the trees, and had gained an elevation of about ten feet above the island, when the flood reached it. As it came nearer, its power appeared resistless; it seemed as if it would sweep the island from its foundations; and I entertained not a ray of hope, that the trunk upon which I was seated would escape the force of the torrent. It came, and the tree remained firm;—it covered the island and all its vegetation in an instant; and I saw it rush beneath me, bearing along with it, the insignia of its power and fury—huge branches

and roots, fragments of bridges, implements of household use, and dead animals.

As regarded myself, the first and immediate danger of destruction was over; but a moment's reflection—one glance around me, showed that I had but small cause for congratulation. Betwixt the island and the shore, a torrent, that no human strength could withstand, rolled impetuously on; and, although not fifty yards over, it would have been as impracticable an attempt to pass it, as if its breadth had been as many leagues. The first rush had left the tree unloosened, yet a second might carry it away; and the flood was still rising—almost every moment I could perceive the distance betwixt me and the water diminish, and, indeed, I was not more than four feet above its surface. I had only two grounds of hope,—the most languid however that ever was called by the name,—it was possible that some person might see my situation from the shore, before nightfall, and bring others to my assistance; and it was possible, also, that the river might rise no higher, and speedily subside. The first of these chances was one of very improbable occurrence, for this part of the country is but thinly inhabited, —the high road did not lie along the river side, and the shore, for three or four hundred yards from the channel of the river, was overflowed to

the depth of probably three or four feet; and, besides, it was difficult to see in what way human aid could extricate me: no boat could reach the island; and if a rope or cord could be thrown as far, it was extremely improbable that I should catch it, as it was impossible for me to stir from the tree upon which I was seated;—and as to any likelihood of the water subsiding, there was no appearance of it; it was at all events impossible that this could happen before nightfall.

In this dreadful and perilous situation, evening passed away; no one appeared, and the river still continued to rise. The sky lowered and looked threatening; the torrent rushed by, darker and more impetuous,—every few moments reminding me, by the wrecks which it bore along with it, of the frailty of the tenure by which I held my existence. The shores, on both sides, were changed into wide lakes; and the red sun went angrily down, over a waste of red waters. Night at length closed in,—and a dreadful night it was. Sometimes, I fancied the tree was loosening from its roots, and sloped more over the water; sometimes I imagined the whole island was swept away, and that I was sailing down the torrent. I found that my mind occasionally wandered, and I had the precaution to take out of my pocket a silk handkerchief, which I tore in several

strips, and, tying them together, bound myself round the middle, to a pretty thick branch which supported my back; this, I thought, might prevent me from falling if giddiness seized me, or momentary sleep should overtake me. During the night, many strange fancies came over me, besides that very frequent one of supposing the island sailing down the torrent. Sometimes, I fancied I was whirling round and round; at other times, I thought the torrent was flowing backward; now and then, I fancied I saw huge black bodies carried towards me upon the surface, and I shrunk back to avoid contact with them; at other times, I imagined something rose out of the water beneath, and attempted to drag me down;—often I felt convinced I heard screams mingle with the rushing torrent, and once, all sound seemed entirely to cease, and I could have ventured almost to descend, so certain I felt that the channel was dry; once or twice I dropped asleep for a moment, but almost instantly awoke with so violent a start, that if I had not been fastened, I must have fallen from my seat.

The night gradually wore away—it was warm and dry, so that I suffered no inconvenience from cold. I became nearly satisfied of the stability of the trunk, which was my only refuge; and, although deliverance was uncertain, at all events

distant, I made up my mind to endure as long as I could; and thus I passed the night, under a starless sky, and the dark flood roaring beneath me. Before morning broke, I felt assured that the waters had begun to subside; the noise, I thought, was less; I fancied I saw shrubs appear above water on the island, and trees upon shore assume their usual appearance; and, with the first dawn of day, I joyfully perceived that I had not been mistaken; the flood had fallen at least three feet; and before sunrise, the greater part of the island was left dry. Never did criminal, reprieved upon the scaffold, shake off his bonds with more joy, than I did mine that bound me to the tree. I crept down the trunk, which still hung over the torrent, and stepped about knee-deep on the island; I then waded to the part which was dry, and lay down, exhausted with the night's watching, and aching with the position in which I had been obliged to remain.

The water now continued to fall perceptibly every moment,—soon the island was entirely dry, and the inundation on shore had subsided into the natural channel; but, still the torrent was too strong and deep to attempt a passage, especially, weakened as I was by the occurrences of the last twelve hours, and by the want of food. I had no certainty as to the hour, for I had not, of course,

remembered to wind up my watch the evening before,—judging from the height of the sun, however, the water had so much diminished before noon, that in two or three hours more I might attempt to gain the shore. About three in the afternoon, I accordingly entered the stream; I found it then nowhere deeper than four feet, and with a little struggling and buffeting, succeeded in gaining the bank which I once thought I should never have trodden more. The bunch of hyacinths, which I had not forgotten to bring from the island, I still held in my hand. I have dried a few of them, and kept them ever since; never do I smell this flower, as I walk through the woods or the fields, that I do not experience in part the sensations I felt when I lifted my head and saw the impetuous flood rushing towards me; and, however dreadful a reality may be, the recollection of it is not unmixed with pleasure. I often open the leaves where lie these withered hyacinths, and I cannot say, that when I look upon them, I ever think they have been dearly purchased.

FRANCE.

FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

France ought to be visited in the month of May.

DIFFERENT countries are seen to most advantage in different seasons. Those lying between the latitudes of 50—57, are most beautiful in September; the woods are then slightly coloured, the air temperate, and the weather usually serene. England, and the southern counties of Scotland, lie under this latitude. Countries more to the north, such as Norway, ought to be visited somewhat earlier; for after the middle of September, the weather becomes unsettled, and the

evenings chill; and as in countries lying farther north than England, the woods become tinted considerably sooner, an earlier visit to them, secures the same variety and beauty of prospect, that are found in England a month later. Mountainous countries, lying in a southern latitude, such as Switzerland, or the district of the Pyrenees, are most worthy the observation of the hardy traveller in the spring; for the clouds, showers, shadows and gleams of an April day, are a sufficient reward for the inconvenience of getting wet; and besides, it is in spring only, that the various effects of falling water can be observed. The warm countries of Italy, and central and southern France, ought also to be visited in spring, before the summer suns have drunk up the sources of vegetation, and changed the universal livery of nature. Let the traveller through France, make choice of May; no month harmonizes so well with the gay fields and fair skies of France. Beautiful May!—she comes; the blooming, blushing queen of the seasons, comes!—scattering, with lavish hand, the first offerings of summer—reproving the tardiness of spring—laughing the clouds away with playful mirth—and demanding, of the earth she smiles on, the accustomed tribute of beauty and fertility! Beautiful is she—morning, noon, and

evening. I have met her in the morning, tripping gaily over the meadow, rosy and jocund; her golden tresses streaming to the fresh air. I have met her at noon by the shady fountain, with calm brow, and serene smile. I have seen her at eve, by the wood-fringed stream, with still aspect and pensive air; and I have wooed her and said, "my fair sultana! art thou the blushing beauty, who was bounding over the dewy lawn, startling the lark from its bed, and the deer from his couch? art thou the thoughtful nymph, whom I saw bending over the cool fountain, the curls motionless on her cheek, and the small birds mute, in the hush of noon?" But the smile of May, was all the answer she gave me; it was her own smile, her evening smile, sweet as her morning welcome, but with a shade of sadness; and I said, "May, I will love thee ever, and ever woo thee; morning, noon, and evening, thou shalt be my sultana. I will meet thee at day-break, and kiss thy fair brow, and bound with thee over the hill and the meadow; and thou shalt pull for me the flowering heath and the yellow cowslip; I will meet thee by the mossy fountain, while the noon-tide sun-beams steal through the deep foliage, and woo thee to the primrose bank beneath the hawthorn, and thou shalt pull for me, of thine own sweet namesake; and I will seek thee by the wood-

fringed stream, and list with thee to the quiet waters, and watch the shades of evening chase the lingering crimson from thy cheek, while the young moon peers above the dark mountain top."

Stay with me, then, my own sweet May,
And I will woo thee night and day.

CHAPTER II.

Rouen and la basse Route.

Few travellers through France are pedestrians. Everybody goes in the Diligence, which is cheap, and tolerably expeditious; and indeed, without a perfect knowledge of the language of a country, a pedestrian must encounter difficulties which few will care to risk.

For my own part, I have never found much difficulty in my solitary walks, from ignorance of the language of the country through which I have travelled; for although to an inquiring traveller, there is something lost from ignorance of a language, a mere musing traveller like myself loses little; more indeed, is perhaps gained to enjoyment by the amusing embarrassments which are thereby occasioned, than lost to profit, by the want of a

medium of communication. Be these things as they may, I did not enter the Diligence, but took my staff in my hand, and my *passeport* in my pocket, and made the best of my way to *la premiere ville du monde*, as every Frenchman will assure you Paris is.

I left the hotel *des Indes*, which stands upon the quay at Havre, one fine morning about six o'clock, and proceeded on my journey.

There is nothing to note between Havre and Rouen; or, if there be, it has escaped my recollection.

It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast, than that which is presented to the traveller, between the beauty of the environs of the city of Rouen, and the deformities of its interior. To say that the streets are narrow and filthy, is to speak with mild forbearance; and so much do the houses stand off the perpendicular, that the passenger apprehends some danger to his personal security. The quay along the river-side, is the only habitable-looking place.

Everybody has heard of the cathedral of Rouen; the most celebrated specimen of Gothic architecture now existing, after York Minster and Milan Cathedral: yet, this beautiful structure is so hidden, that a stranger finds it no easy task to discover where it is buried, and when he does

succeed in this endeavour, it is next to impossible to obtain a proper view of it.

Most people who have heard of the cathedral of Rouen, have also heard, that a part of it was struck down by lightning three years ago. I saw it both before and after this accident; there is still enough remaining, to vindicate the rank it holds among Gothic remains.

The environs of Rouen, are exquisitely beautiful. With the exception of those southern provinces of France which lie under the Pyrenees, and the immediate banks of the Loire, the Rhone, and the Garonne; Normandy is unquestionably the garden of France. Its orchards are not surpassed by any in Europe; its pastures are rich and extensive; it is abundant in corn,—and the comparative absence of the vine is no impediment to the beauty of the country; for the vineyards of France are any thing but beautiful, presenting rather the appearance of brush-wood, or a field of peas, than realizing the expectation which the idea of vineyards generally creates before seeing them. Normandy, I say, has been well termed, as a province, the garden of France; and few parts of it are more lovely, than the environs of Rouen. I recollect climbing a height above the river, in the neighbourhood of the city, the first evening I arrived, and sitting until dark,

and a richer or more fascinating prospect, is not easily conceivable. The Seine, broad, limpid, and majestic, sweeps past the city, and you see it winding far below, with numerous boats gliding upon its bosom. The sloping banks are covered with all manner of beauty; there is, on every hand too, an appearance of wealth and population in the numerous country seats scattered around—the extended suburbs of the city, the frequent villages, the barges, and steam-boats, which ply upon the Seine, and the crowds which throng the quay. Such was Rouen in 1822, and such it will probably be found to be by future travellers.

CHAPTER III.

La basse Route.

FROM Rouen to Paris, there are two roads, and I would counsel all travellers to go by the basse route, which is close to the river Seine, all the way, consequently, offering many fascinating prospects; whereas the other road, which is considerably the nearer, passes through a corn country, with nothing of the picturesque about it; but which is, like the greater part of France, open, uninclosed, flat and uninteresting.

To apportion a chapter to the detail of a journey from Rouen to Paris, is a bold experiment, now that hundreds of travellers have already told the world all they know, and possibly, all that can be known upon the subject; and indeed, were it not that I was a pedestrian, which establishes a

distinction between me and most other travellers, I should feel it to be exceedingly impertinent to come before the public, in the year 1828, for the purpose of giving information respecting any one thing in the king of France's dominions. I say, however, that having been a foot traveller, I am privileged to tell the world what has been already told, because the way of telling must needs be somewhat different.

* * * * *

There is nothing which so much surprises a traveller, who has ever entered London, as his approach to Paris; for although Paris is secondary only to London, among the capital cities of Europe, yet there is no indication whatever that the metropolis of a great empire is at hand, until you get close to its gates. No public coaches—no travelling carriages—no smart post-chaises,—no wagons—no carts;—within a mile or two of the gates, you meet a few cabriolets, and some wretched one-horse chaises, which ply between Paris and the nearest towns, such as St. Germain's and St. Denis; but, ten miles from Paris, the roads are less thronged than they are at any part of any one post-road throughout England.

The environs of Paris have an air of considerable magnificence. There is nothing to be seen that can be called pretty, or neat, or fascinating;

but there is much that has the character of grandeur, and there is, altogether, something of a regal air, in the appearances which are presented, both by nature and art. I entered by the *Barrière de Neuilly*, which is unquestionably the most magnificent of all the entrances, both because you approach the finest part of the city, and enter it without passing through any mean suburb, and because the country through which you pass, is finer than it is on entering by any other road; but I find, I am insensibly becoming a French tourist, and if I do not make an end of the chapter, and take up some other subject, I shall be describing the Place Louis XV. and the marble horses, and the garden of the Tuilleries. Heaven forefend!

CHAPTER II.

Executions in the Place de Grèves—The Guillotine.

I HAD stopped nearly opposite to the gate St. Denis, at the door of a small *boutiquier*, for the purpose of buying some cake (the taste of which always brings a host of associations along with it*); intending to munch it at my leisure, as I

* I am convinced, that tastes and smells, are as long, and as distinctly remembered, as objects that are addressed to the visual sense. There was a species of biscuit used at tea, in my father's house, when I was a child, and so perfect is my recollection of its taste at this moment, that were there a thousand different kinds of biscuit presented to me, and the one which I then ate, among the number, and my eyes blindfolded, I am confident I should be able to point out the identical biscuit that pleased my infantine palate. Nor, is it only one example of this that I can give; hundreds, nay, perhaps thousands of apple pies have I tasted since I was a school-boy, and yet I am certain I should be able to recognise the taste of those baked by a certain pastry-cook, in whose shop I used to spend

walked towards Fontainbleau, when I observed an unusual press of people hurrying down the rue St. Martin. The occasion of this was worth inquiring into, and I found that every one was hastening to the place de Grèves, where three persons were that day to undergo the sentence of the law, on account of being implicated in the treasonable plot of some General, whose name has escaped me.

my Saturday's allowance; equally certain am I, that I could distinguish the flavour of a certain apple which grew in my father's garden. The instances I have selected, relate to taste only; but the same thing may be said of smells. I distinctly remember the smell of a certain cake, which I bought every saturday forenoon, and should recognise it again among the smells of all the confectionary in Europe. But I can give an example of the recollection of smells, which does not depend upon my word only, but of which I can offer proof. When on a visit in the north of Scotland, I drank of some sherry, which was of a peculiarly fine flavour, having been buried during the French invasion of Spain. Three years afterwards, when dining at the table of a friend, in quite another part of the country, sherry was as usual, placed upon the table after dinner. I filled my glass and raised it to my lips, "this," said I, before tasting it, "is the identical sherry I drank of two years ago, at ——;" and so it turned out. Some dozens of the same wine had been presented to both of those individuals, by the noble person into whose possession it originally came. To conclude, I feel satisfied, that tastes and smells are among the most prolific of the sources of association of ideas; and I have little doubt, that when relations are suggested to the mind, without our being able to detect the associating links, these may often be found in some such unobserved source, as the smell of an herb, brought for a moment by a passing breeze. There is a book called "Fearne on Consciousness," in which some excellent remarks upon this branch of mental philosophy may be found.

I immediately resolved to witness this spectacle, partly from a wish to see how they conduct these things in France, partly through curiosity to see the guillotine, and partly from a desire to know whether any popular feeling would be manifested upon the occasion.

As I walked towards the place de Grèves, I found every thing in motion; and military marching from every direction towards the spot. From the prison, which stands at the end of the pont de Jena, the whole way along the quay to the place de Grèves, there were two lines of military, one of infantry and one of cavalry; and round the square, were three rows, two of infantry and one of cavalry, besides artillery at each corner. I afterwards learned, that not fewer than 40,000 men were under arms upon this occasion. For five francs, I procured a place at a window, from which the guillotine was distant not more than twenty yards. Never was the lightness of the French character more visibly displayed than upon this occasion. No one could have guessed, from the deportment of the crowd, the cause upon which it was assembled; it might have been for the celebration of a *fête;* and, if the engine of death had not stood upon the scaffold, one would have said it had been erected for a display of fireworks, or for the performances of a juggler. The

multitude was eager to catch at any little cause of merriment; and, in place of silence,—the most expressive of sorrow's tributes,—shouting, and laughter, and jocularity, resounded from every quarter. And was this the people that tore down the bastile, and overthrew a dynasty, and stunned the ear of Europe in the blow that struck the neck of their monarch? Strange, that in the very sight of the revolutionary lamp, to which hundreds had been suspended, and waiting to behold a sort of retributive judgment upon their forefathers,—perhaps, upon some of themselves,—they should look upon it as a *spectacle*, and conduct themselves as if they were assembled for pastime!

Two o'clock struck,—and there was a momentary silence; but the multitude speedily relapsed into its former indifference. Half-past two—three came,—and there was yet no indication of the criminal's approach. Half-after-three chimed,—and, among the tender-hearted, a hope began to spring up, that mercy had disarmed justice; but, as four was striking, the heavy toll of *Notre Dame* dispelled the illusion; merriment was in an instant hushed, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the prison. In a few minutes, the arrival of a body of horse-guards, announced the approach of the cavalcade, and a moment after,

the three condemned persons walked steadily forward, paused at the foot of the scaffold, and looking up, attentively eyed the guillotine. The first walked deliberately up the steps, and prostrated himself upon the block; and the next moment he was lifeless. The second, in turn, ascended with even greater alacrity, and met death with equal fortitude. There now remained but one; he had stood, seemingly with the most perfect indifference, and twice had seen, without flinching, the fatal engine perform its work of death upon his companions, and he met his own fate with equal intrepidity. I could not help suspecting, that the love of effect, that predominating passion of Frenchmen, influenced the conduct of these young men in this closing scene; and that the indifferent look, the measured step, the unaided alacrity with which they hastened to death, were less the result of collected courage or calm resignation, than of a desire to produce a *sensation*; and that *they* even looked upon this final scene, something in the light of a *spectacle*, in which they were no farther interested than as performing a part.

I had almost forgotten to say, that there was no murmur among the people, nor any unusual expression of sorrow; though, as I scanned the faces of the multitude, I thought I observed

some, that might have belonged to revolutionary times. In a few minutes, all was forgotten, and while the scaffold was yet wet with the warm blood of youth, the laugh and the jest were as loud as ever.

NORWAY.

NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

Reasons why Norway is seldom visited by Travellers.

It may at first sight seem remarkable, that Norway, which is admitted on all hands to abound in scenery more romantic and sublime than is to be found in any other of the European countries, should so rarely be visited by the traveller. This, I think, can only be accounted for in one way,—that Norway is not the high-road to any other country. It lies isolated; and besides, access to its shores is neither easy nor agreeable: one must either submit to a voyage in a heavy timber ship,

across a boisterous sea, or else, the traveller must proceed by Hamburgh, which leads him through all Holstein, across the Belts and the Sound, and two hundred miles, at least, along the Swedish coast,—altogether, as profitless and fatiguing a journey as any in Europe. This, perhaps, sufficiently explains why Norway is so seldom visited by the traveller. But, there are still other reasons. One cannot, in setting out to explore Norway, calculate with certainty upon returning within any specific time. There are no steam-boats from London to Christiania,—no telegraphs and post-coaches through the interior,—no Macadamized roads,—no regular inns and relays. The traveller who once turns his back upon Christiania, in the intention of exploring the interior, must trust entirely to his own devices, and he must, also, bid adieu to every English comfort;—a privation which few are willing to forego. Travellers complain of want of comfort in France, and Italy, and Switzerland; and, it is indeed true, that in those countries things are not managed quite as they are in England;—the roads are not quite so smooth,—the beds not altogether so clean,—and the cookery not so entirely to the taste of an Englishman. But, in Norway, there is a fearful aggravation of all this; for, through extensive tracts in the interior, there are no inns at all,—

no roads passable, unless by horses,—often no beds: and, frequently, not only bad cookery, but nothing to cook. It is evident, therefore, that no traveller who loves common comforts, or dislikes sea voyages, or whose time is not entirely at his own disposal, will leave England on a tour through Norway.

There is yet another important obstacle to Norwegian travelling,—few are acquainted with the language. This, in civilised countries, is of little consequence, because, in these, the wants of the traveller are supplied almost unasked; but, in countries which are little frequented, the knowledge of their language becomes important, because, nothing is given without being intelligibly demanded. Danish is not a language much known, unless to mercantile men; but even a knowledge of Danish would avail the traveller nothing unless in the trading towns on the coast, for the language of the interior, called the high Norse, is unintelligible even to a Dane. And, let me not omit in this enumeration, another, the strongest, perhaps, of all the reasons which can be given, why the scenery and manners of Norway have found so few commentators. Tourists go to France to see Paris—to spend money—to look at the *Louvre* and the *Palais Royale*—and to speak about Paris when they return; to

Flanders, to walk over the field of Waterloo; to Italy, to see pictures, and be classical in the land of the Romans: so that in visiting all these countries, there are definite objects, suited to the majority of tastes; but, it is otherwise with the traveller who visits Norway: *there!* are no pictures — no classical monuments — no fields of glory; her dim mountains — her silent forests are her glories: and they only who find enjoyment in such scenes, will visit Norway.

The desire which we feel to visit some countries rather than others, cannot always be traced to its origin. It may be owing to some impression received in very early childhood; to some association, the links of which we have long since forgotten; or, most commonly perhaps, to the peculiar cast of one's mind. I imagine, it was this last predisposing influence that guided me in my selection of Norway, as one of the scenes of my solitary wanderings.

CHAPTER II.

A Digression upon Voyaging.

I HAVE made it a rule, to voyage as little as possible. To travel by sea, is, in my opinion, to spend time in the most unprofitable way that can be devised. I say nothing of the misery of sea sickness, because every one is not affected by it; but, I contend, that there is no one who adds by a sea voyage, any thing perceptible to his stock of knowledge.

I am of opinion, that it is possible for so many, and such exquisite enjoyments to be crowded into one day, that in that day, a year's unintermitted misery may be compensated; and, upon the same principle, I believe, that the misery of one hour may neutralize the pleasures of a lifetime. It is chiefly from this belief,—knowing how scantily the flowers of enjoyment are scattered in the path of

life, that I have ever felt reluctant to run voluntarily into misery, that, (by my manner of philosophizing), so largely diminishes the aggregate of life's happiness.

There is one very important difference between land and sea travelling; by land, one may determine beforehand to be comfortable and merry; and, by dint of money and foresight, may succeed under almost any circumstances in making good this determination. A close carriage will keep out wind and rain,—the deficiencies of inns can be supplied by a basket of meat and wine,—if two horses do not travel sufficiently fast, two more can be added,—and a well selected party may put *ennui* at defiance. In short, before setting out upon a land excursion, we may say, "we'll make a day on't," and bring the day pleasantly to a conclusion. But, if we travel by sea, previous planning and contriving are of no avail,—a lurch of the ship disconcerts all,—dainties cannot be enjoyed,—and the most intellectual and wittiest company are alike incapable of exerting their own wit, or of receiving pleasure from the exercise of it in others.

CHAPTER III.

A mistake of Landsmen—A common but striking incident at sea—The Norwegian Coast—An advantage possessed by Islanders.

About five in the afternoon of a fine June day, I found myself on board of a large merchant ship, bound for Dramen, to lay in a cargo of timber. For the first two or three hours it was agreeable enough; the vessel was a bad sailer, and there was but little wind, so that night came, before we had left the smooth seas and gentle airs which belong to the neighbourhood of land.

When we stand upon the sea-beach on a summer's evening, and look over the blue waters,—serene as the sky that stretches above them, the small creamy waves playing at our feet,—we fancy that nothing can be more delightful than

a sea voyage; and that sickness on such a sea must be out of the question. But, during my voyage to Norway, I learnt, that June skies are not always cloudless at sea; and, that little can be known of the wind and waves by standing on the sea shore.

Nothing is, of course, more common at sea, than meeting a vessel in full sail; and yet, to me, there are very few incidents more striking; and this is the only circumstance of the voyage which has left any impression upon my mind. It was towards the close of a stormy day,—the sky dark,—the wind loud and gusty,—the sea turbulent,—when a vessel suddenly came out of the mist and rushed by. There is something very solemn in this;—to meet on the trackless ocean, in the midst of storm and coming darkness,—and to see, but for a moment, a little vessel full of human beings, going, we know not whither; come, we know not whence; her fortunes uncertain; scudding on the breast of the dark waters, and the winds and the crested waves around her,—visible, but for a moment, and then shrouded among the mists and the billows.

It was evening, and a dead calm, when I first came in sight of the Norwegian coast; but a strong gale off the land having come on during the night, we were at least forty miles distant

from it before day-break, and it was two days before we were again able to regain our position. Before the vessel could reach Dramen, it would be necessary to beat up the Scaggerack, against a contrary wind and a strong current; and as it was quite immaterial to me in what part of Norway I should be landed, I resolved to take advantage of our proximity to the shore, from which we were not more than three miles distant, and commence my journey into the interior from the nearest point. I was landed, accordingly, at a little town near Mandahl, about seven in the afternoon, on one or other of the days in the middle of June, and soon experienced for the first time, that most comfortable of all realities, finding one's-self in a good bed on shore, after a sea voyage.

In visiting foreign lands, islanders possess one great advantage over the inhabitants of a continent. The man who travels from Paris to Naples, and from Naples to St. Petersburgh, never, during the whole journey, experiences the same lively sensations of wonder, as he who sails from his native island, even to the most adjacent land; because, in travelling through countries separated from each other by artificial boundaries only, or unnavigable rivers, the shades in the character of their inhabitants are as imperceptible

as the lines which divide the countries; and the features of external nature also slide gradually into each other; so that one may pass through the most opposite extremes, in both the moral aspect of society and the physical appearances of nature, without being sensible of the changes. But, in passing from one country to another by sea, there are no undefinable gradations; the difference in character, customs, and in all that strikes the senses, whether in nature or art, is sudden, and infinitely surprising; and, I believe, every traveller will be satisfied upon reflection, that he retains in his mind stronger impressions of what he has seen in countries to which he travelled by sea, than in those to which he journeyed by land.

CHAPTER IV.

A Forest Walk.

It was on the afternoon of a day in the latter end of August, that I stopped at the foot of some pyramidical rocks, that rose considerably higher than the tallest of the forest trees by which they were surrounded; I had travelled from the early morning, through a continuous forest, and I now eyed these rocks attentively, in the hope of discovering some means of gaining their summit, from which I thought it not unlikely I should be able to ascertain what probability there was of finding a resting place for the night, more to my mind than the mossy carpet beneath my feet, and refreshment more palatable than the broken fragments of rye bread, which yet remained in the bottom of my knapsack.

The rocks which I surveyed, had one common base, reaching to a considerable elevation, and out of which sprung, in different directions, several spiral heads, but so entirely covered with shrubs, that it was impossible to ascertain whether they were accessible, before climbing to the top of the base. This, I found myself able to accomplish without great difficulty; and when I reached the foot of the pyramidical summits, I found them so grown over by creeping shrubs, whose roots were firmly fixed in the rifts of the rocks, that it proved no impossible attempt, by the help of these, to scale the wished-for ascent; and I soon found myself standing in one of the clefts, considerably above the level of the forest.

Around, and as far as the eye could reach, stretched a gloomy world of pines, unbroken, except by the sun-gilt summits of jutting rocks that here and there rose above them, and by one lone lake, whose windings were visible far through the forest glades, until it was lost among fantastic rocks, that might be mistaken for ruins, towering majestically up, and leaning in fine relief upon the deep blue sky. No trace of man—no human habitation was visible; deep silence was over all. On every side but one, the forest met the sky; but to the west, distant heights rose dimly up, and

mingled with the heavens. Beyond them, the great Northern ocean stretched to the icy and joyless regions of eternal winter: but around me there was no winter; the air was mild and the sky serene, as I had felt and seen in the regions of the south; true indeed, there was no acacia, and no citron, and the pine's dark green was not, as it is in the Pyrenees, contrasted with the pale hue of the olive; yet, summer was here; in the clefts of the rocks, lay little companies of summer flowers, and all the underwood was clad in its greenest livery.

It is a strange feeling of tenderness that, which comes over the mind, when in a solitude like this, we descry sweet blooming flowers, young and beautiful, giving out fresh odours, which never mortal tasted. No image, that I recollect, has struck deeper into my mind, than that of the few crocuses seen by captain Parry, blooming in a little green spot, in Spitzbergen, surrounded by the accumulated snows of a thousand Polar winters. Near approaches to this, I have, indeed, often myself witnessed; and if any man could look upon such images, and feel no softness come over his soul, I would hold no communion with that man.

They who have only wandered through woods of small extent, and adjacent, perhaps, to the

abodes of men, can have no conception of the silence and solitude which pervades the greater forests. The former are full of little birds, in whose very aspect there is gladness, and in whose chirpings and clear notes there is no touch of melancholy; and being, besides, closely associated with gardens and lawns, and with our very parlour windows, mirthful rather than gloomy images are awakened by their presence. But no images, nor any associations like these, belong to the great forests of the north. There, no little birds hop from spray to spray; no gay melody is in the air; the rustling among the bushes does not indicate the presence of the tuneful thrush, but of some wild and solitary animal, with which common life has no associations.

In the prospect I surveyed from the rocky eminence upon which I stood, there was nothing very cheering to my expectations, though the feelings that filled the mind in contemplating the dominion of silence and solitude, hindered, for a while, the entrance of any others. But the sun was sinking lower; and if I had any desire to pass the night under shelter (which, in Norway, I had not been always able to accomplish), it was necessary to descend from my elevation, and continue my journey. I had little doubt, from the winding form of the water I descried, that it was

part of one of those fiords * by which Norway is intersected, even into the interior; and, if so, I knew there was great probability of finding upon its banks some station, from which wood is floated to the coast. I, accordingly descended from my elevation, and struck into the woods in the direction in which it lay,—and, after about half an hour's walk, disputing my way with the tangled shrubs, and frightening from their sylvan abodes, some peaceful inmates of the forest, I suddenly emerged upon the margin of the lake. Nothing could be more calm and solitary than the scene before me. Not a breath rippled the surface of the water; it seemed as if nothing had ever disturbed its serenity; as if its bosom had ever been unruffled, unless, perchance, by the wild creatures that might go to lave their breasts in its tide; or, by the fluttering leaf that might be wafted upon it, when leaves are frail, and autumn winds are abroad. Two herons were standing upon a large stone, which was half immersed in the water; flapping their huge wings, they rose heavily over the lake, and disappeared behind a wooded cliff.

When I descended to the margin, I immediately

* Fiords are sea creeks, which branch in innumerable directions through Norway, some of them reaching a hundred and fifty miles from the ocean.

put my conjecture as to the lake being a fiord to the test, by tasting it; and, although at that moment a draught of fresh water would have been very acceptable, I was consoled for this disappointment, by the greater probability there was of finding night's quarters upon its shore. A beaten path, too, along the bank, considerably increased this probability. The fantastic rocks I have mentioned, appeared to be about a league distant, and seemed the boundary of the fiord in that direction. Before I reached them, the sun had left my path and the glassy bosom of the lake, to the sombreness of evening; but a flood of light was still poured upon the pinnacles of the rocks, and the spiral tops of the trees that crowned the heights which shelved up from the water. I soon found I was mistaken, in supposing these rocks to be the boundary of the fiord; the water only contracted at this seeming barrier into a very narrow strait, and beyond it, spread out in another arm, whose banks were more precipitous; and, as the day-light was now fast fading, it was with some feeling of satisfaction that I perceived, at no great distance, the grey turrets of an ancient chateau. It is, probably, needless to inform the reader, that in the interior of Norway there are no inns,—but, that every traveller is welcome to rest and refreshment, in

the private houses he may meet with, according to the station he occupies in society ;— he is sure of being seated, either at the master's board or the servants' table.

The building, which I now leisurely approached, was constructed like all the other residences of the old Norwegian families: it was massive and irregular, though square; turrets, reaching above the elevation of the roof, flanked the corners ; and the windows (excepting one in the centre of the building, where the wall bulged out in the segment of a circle) were narrow and deeply sunk in the wall ; and each surmounted by mouldings, rudely carved in stone, intended to represent the heads of bears, wolves, stags, and other animals indigenous to the country. A high stone wall encompassed the building, comprehending within it a court in front, and a garden behind; and a huge gateway, of the Saxon form, over which stood, with extended wings, an uncouth representation of an eagle holding a fish in its beak, opened upon a terrace overhanging the water. Two fair children, with light locks curling over their necks, and seemingly of the same age, stood upon the terrace; the moment they perceived me, they fled with the speed of their native hinds through the gateway, which was open, into the court. After surveying,

for a few moments from the terrace, the dim landscape beneath, I followed them, and was met half-way across the circular court within, by the master of the house.

I expected to have been received by him with that cordial welcome which is usually found in those remote spots of earth, which the falseness and knaveries of the world have not yet approached,—where the springs of human kindness have not been poisoned by ingratitude, or suspicion entered to close the avenues to hospitality: but my expectations were not realized. The old man did not, indeed, refuse to extend his hand to me,—but it was hesitatingly; he did not refuse me the usual welcome of his country,—but it was coldly given; nor did the children echo the welcome in the gleeful faces with which infancy had ever met me, in places where treachery had never been; but stood at a distance, holding each other by the hand, and looking as if they mistrusted me. I followed my conductor into the house, where an abundant table was soon set before me; but the unusual reception I had met with, and the air of gloom and suspense which was every where apparent, gave but an indifferent relish to the repast, which I suspected to be the offering of cold civility rather than of kind-heartedness.

I had made an end of my meal, and had

emptied a goblet of birch wine * to *Gamlé Norgé* †,—to convince myself, as Sterne would have said, that I bore no grudge against the master of the house and his land of nativity—when he entered the room, and walking up to me inquired if I belonged to the medical profession ‡.

I replied in the negative,—but added, that in the course of my travels, as well as from books and conversation, I had gathered some little knowledge of the science. "My daughter," said he, "my only daughter, is dying; medicine, I believe, could not save her,—yet, come with me." The words of the old man—his tone—his countenance,—smote me for my suspicions of his hospitality. "I have mistaken," said I, "the solemnity of sorrow for the coldness of an ungracious welcome."

I followed him into the chamber of his daughter; she was sitting in a chair, and looked as if life were fast ebbing away. The twin-children were standing beside their mother's chair,—for, they were *her* children, and with one arm she

* The substitute for beer, in the interior of Norway, is a liquor made from the birch tree; it is tolerably palatable.

† Old Norway! the universal national toast.

‡ The towns in the interior of Norway, are so thinly scattered, that itinerant physicians travel the country, to put the health of families to rights, in the same way as piano-forte tuners travel in more civilized lands.

encircled them both,—and often, with the feeble but passionate effort of expiring strength, pressed them to her bosom. She looked at her old father, and would have spoken, but could not; but he seemed to understand her wish,—for he went to her, and supported her as she leaned forward, and put aside the silken curls from the brows of her infants, and kissed them. She seemed scarcely twenty-five: and, though sorrow had blanched her cheek, and something more agonizing, more acute than sorrow had left its sting, she was beautiful still. Need I say, that when the old man looked at me, I only shook my head. The crisis was at hand. It was now night; and, as the feeble ray of a waning moon streamed faintly through the window and fell upon the countenance of the dying, I said to myself, another moon will rise upon her grave! She expired the same night. I did not retire to rest; but stood in the window of my chamber, reflecting upon the universality of human suffering, and the event of which I had been all but a witness; gazing in reverie, sometimes upon the dark outline of the forest, which the dull moonshine only defined, but was too feeble to enlighten,—and sometimes, upon the starry garb of night, faintly seen through the cloudy folds of her mantle; and, as the dawn began to streak the horizon, I threw myself upon

my bed, where I had a succession of disturbed slumbers, until morning.

Anxious to reach the great road to Drontheim before evening, and feeling, that the presence of a stranger at such a time as this could not be welcome, I left my chamber in the intention of proceeding upon my journey, as soon as I had partaken of the morning's repast which I knew would be set before me, and thanked the owner of the house for the hospitality I had received; but rather than intrude upon the privacy of his sorrow, I determined to leave a written acknowledgment of his attentions, and depart without seeking a personal interview. In leaving my chamber I chose a wrong descent, which conducted me to a small door opening upon the terrace; the old man was already standing there, and he approached to meet me. I expressed my acknowledgments for his hospitality, and my hope that he might be supported under his affliction; and was about to take my leave, when he laid his hand upon mine, and gently motioned me to return with him into the house. He led me to a small apartment, which overlooked the terrace and the water below, and pointing to a chair, while he seated himself in another opposite to me, he pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and spoke to me as follows. But, as he addressed me

in the high Norse tongue *, I can only give such a version of his narrative as my knowledge of that language permits. "You must not leave my house," said he, "with suspicions of its hospitality. Your reception yesternight was ungracious; but when the events which have brought sorrow into this family are known to you, they will explain the coldness of the welcome with which strangers are greeted in the house of Keilmerck. My daughter, who died last night, was my only child. To-morrow, had she lived to see it, would have been her twenty-fourth birthday. While yet in infancy, her mother died, and she grew up beneath my eye in virtue and gentleness — I might say, in beauty too. When the days of infancy and of early childhood were passed, she became, though still a child, the companion of her father; and, when years came upon me, she was my stay: and I hoped —— but there is no Agnes to close mine eyes — she is gone before her father!"

* The reader probably knows, that on the coast, and in the towns of Norway, Danish is the language; but in the interior, high Norse is spoken, which is almost as different from the other, as Gælic is from lowland Scotch.

CHAPTER V.

The Story of the unthankful Stranger.

"It is six years ago, and on an evening such as yesterday, that I was standing with my daughter on the terrace, as was our frequent custom, pointing out to her an eagle soaring majestically above the fiord, when we perceived a stranger turn into the winding path that leads to my gate. I went towards him, and welcomed him. He told me he was a Swede,—and, by profession an artist—a portrait painter; and that, in the exercise of his profession, he had travelled over the greater part of Europe. Agnes was then eighteen. I beckoned her to approach, and inquired of the artist if her's was a countenance which he could copy; he undertook to produce a faithful likeness, and became an inmate in this

house. His name was Scholberg; his appearance, though not youthful, scarcely indicated the meridian of life; but his countenance bore the impress of thought beyond his years. While the picture was in progress, the artist was our constant companion; his manners were agreeable, and his information extensive,—so, at least, it seemed to us in this remote solitude; he entertained us with the story of his own life, which was full of interest and incident, and told us of the many countries and cities that he had visited,—particularly of those southern lands, which differ so much from our own, that to us they are objects of much curiosity and interest. No wonder the company of Scholberg had attractions for both Agnes and me. Alas! for my poor daughter it had too many. The picture was, at length, completed. This is it," said the old man, as he drew from a cabinet a miniature picture, inclosed in a box of beech-wood*, and placed it in my hands. It represented the playful countenance and slight form of a fair and lovely girl, just departed from childhood. How different from her I had seen yester-night!—from her who now lay in the chamber of death. I withdrew my gaze from the picture,

* From the root of the beech tree, beautiful boxes and picture frames are made; there is an extensive manufactory of them at Mandahl.

and returned it to the afflicted owner. He gazed at it for a few moments in silence, again pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and resumed his narrative. "When the picture was completed, the artist still delayed to go. I was not in haste to withdraw from him the hospitalities of my house; and, indeed, habit, and the amiable qualities which he appeared to possess, had, in some degree, attached me to him; but, at length, supposing that he must suffer in his profession from delaying longer to improve his time, I allowed myself, for his own sake, to hint at his departure. It was then that, for the first time, I discovered the truth. The happiness of Agnes was every thing to me. I had heard of the effects of disappointment, and could I risk the peace,—the health,—perhaps, the life of my Agnes?

"One day, while sitting on the terrace with my daughter and Scholberg, 'My children,' I said, 'I have sounded the feelings of both of you,—and, I believe, you are attached to each other. I am an old man, now fast approaching the computed age of man, three-score and ten; but, I remember the days that are past, and the feelings that belong to them. You shall remain with us, (said I to Scholberg), and if, at the expiration of six months, I see no reason to alter the

opinion I have formed of you, Agnes shall be yours.' The six months passed rapidly away, and I found no reason to alter my favourable opinion of Scholberg. On the last day of the sixth month, he reminded me of my promise. 'I have not forgotten it,' said I, 'and this very evening I intend to redeem it.' When we were again seated on the terrace, I put Agnes' hand into that of Scholberg, and said to them, 'My children, one thing only I exact of you,—you must never leave me; I cannot be long in this world, but while I remain in it, you, Agnes, will be my support; and you, whom I have made her husband, will ratify her promise. When I depart, all I have will be my child's, and you will then be free.' The same evening the priest, whom I had privately sent for, arrived, and Agnes and Scholberg were made one.

"During the first four years, after this union, little occurred to disturb the serenity of our lives. I found no cause to repent the trust I had reposed in Scholberg, and the twin-children you have seen, are its only living pledges.

"I now approach that part of my relation of which I would willingly spare myself the recital; but I have not yet explained the seeming inhospitality of my house, and I must finish the narrative I have begun.

" Scholberg seemed to be gradually losing his relish for the simple pleasures of our secluded life. He appeared to be weary of its sameness, and to long for something which he had not the means of enjoying; he became abstracted and restless, subject to deep reverie; and was usually silent, unless when he would speak of countries and cities which he had visited (a theme of pleasure to us once, but then of pain), and contrast, in few but sullen words, the varied enjoyments of more favoured lands, with the dreary monotony in which he was compelled to spend the best of his days. Once, I said to him, ' Scholberg, when I bestowed upon you my Agnes, I thought I had bestowed upon you all that you desired to have; but, I perceive, you are weary of this solitude: it is but a little while —I cannot now be long a barrier to your wishes, may you be happier when I am gone!' Yet, notwithstanding this change in the manner and character of Scholberg, our usual mode of life was continued. We walked on the terrace together, and in summer weather, when the evenings were fine and the fiord calm, he still took the oar or managed the sail, though he spoke but little, and seemed to attend to these duties mechanically. All this while, Agnes became every day more sorrowful. She knew that Scholberg sighed for

a release from the solitude in which he dwelt; she grieved to find, that she and her sweet children, and the calm of domestic life, had lost their charm; and, still more did she grieve to think, that the release her husband coveted, could only be purchased by the death of her father. I now approach the dreadful crisis of my story.

"One afternoon in May, three months ago, while we were standing on the terrace, looking down upon the fiord, illuminated by the rays of one of our first summer suns, Scholberg proposed to renew the almost forgotten custom of rowing upon the water. For some days before I had observed, that he was less abstracted, and had seemed more willing to be pleased; and he had, that day, shown an unwonted degree of cheerfulness. Alas! it was like the sunbeam that plays deceitfully upon the surface of the fiord, hiding its depth and darkness. Agnes hailed Scholberg's proposal as the promise of a return to old habits and lost feelings; and I, too, drew a favourable augury from it. 'Go, my father, (said Agnes),—the air is mild, and the water calm; go with Scholberg,—I will watch you from the terrace.' We descended the winding walk, and unmoored the boat. The fiord, as you perceive from the window, has many headlands and branches;

among these, there is one called 'the Cradle of the Three Brothers,'* into which Agnes would never permit the boat to be conducted. She said it was gloomy; and there is, besides, a fearful tradition connected with it, which had made an early impression upon her mind. It is narrow at the entrance, and, within, is shaped like a bell; gigantic rocks encircle it, rising perpendicularly from the water, which, from its unfathomable depth, is of a pitchy blackness. A few sapless birch trees are scattered among the clefts of the rocks; and, on its summit, lofty firs grow to the very edge, and throw a deeper shade upon the silent abyss beneath. To the entrance of this gulf, Scholberg rowed the skiff; and, before he

* So called from a tradition, that Hagen the VI. had three brothers, all sons of Magnus; but that the mother of the children, feeling a preference for Hagen, prayed and secretly offered sacrifice, that her wish for the elevation of Hagen might be accomplished. That this sacrifice was accepted, for the three brothers of Hagen were never seen after that night; but the woman who had nursed them, and who was a Christian, had a dream, in which she saw the three children dropped into a deep gulf; and she, determined that the princes should have christian burial, wandered through all Norway in search of the spot, and coming one evening accidentally to the gulf, now called 'The three brothers' cradle,' she saw three cradles floating upon the water, and stretching out her arms, they became instantly so long, that she could touch the cradles, but the moment she touched them, they sunk, and rose again when she withdrew her hand,—and the tradition adds, that these cradles may be seen floating about every evening at sun-set.

could reach it, the sun was sinking behind the crowded trunks of the dark trees that crowned the rocks. 'Shall we enter?' said he. When a youth, I had sometimes taken my boat thither to scare the young eagles, and watch their ineffectual attempts to mount to the summit of the rocks,—and I felt willing, after so long an absence from the spot, to recall, once more, the memory of those youthful days. We did accordingly shoot into the cradle. Scholberg rowed nearly to the centre, when he stopped, and standing up in the boat and looking to the sky, told me to remark the stars*—which were visible although the sun had hardly set. I said, 'I was unable to perceive them.' 'Stand up,' said he, 'as I do, and place your hands thus.' I stood, and looked towards the sky, when, in the same moment, the boat received a sudden impulse; I staggered,—and while the fall was yet uncertain, the hand of the parricide directed it: I fell into the dark cauldron, and the skiff shot from me. I am detailing facts to you; it is not my wish to recall feelings: what mine were, at the instant that I felt the hand of my son hurl me from life into the sullen waters,

* This is a phenomenon which may be seen in such spots as I have described the Cradle of the Three Brothers to be; it may be noticed from the bottom of a well; and colliers see it every day, where the pits are perpendicular.

I cannot describe; though, if life had its longest course yet to run, I should remember that moment until its close. To save life by swimming would have been impossible even to the most practised in the art; for the tide was then setting in with great force up the fiord; and even to gain the entrance of the Cradle was impracticable to me, an old man,—for the distance was beyond my strength; and, in that sunless gulf, the intense coldness of the water would speedily have benumbed my limbs. Yet, without any defined hope of saving life, natural instinct prompted me to preserve existence as long as possible; but gradually I found my strength failing me; and, in one of my expiring efforts to maintain myself above water, my hand struck against a hard substance. It was the trunk of a tree,—one of those which, by the custom of the country, when they grow near the fiords, are cut, and hurled from the rocks into the water, and afterwards floated to the sea; but this, as is sometimes the case, had been separated from the raft, and had drifted by the tide into the Cradle of the Three Brothers. I grasped the trunk with the clutch of a dying man,—and, by a vigorous effort, succeeded in placing myself upon it; and, at this instant, I saw the skiff shoot past the outlet of the Cradle, and disappear.

Salvation seemed now possible; the prospect of death was at all events less immediate; night was indeed closing in; and cold, and wet, and the feebleness of age were all against me; but I hoped, nevertheless; gradually the tide carried me nearer the rocks, though farther from the outlet; at last the tree touched them; and now a new hope grew within me, for I might make the rocks subservient to my progress, and by their means, I found myself slowly advancing towards the mouth of the Cradle. Oh! it was a dreary and toilsome night I spent,--Jupiter* and the stars were my only light; faint and exhausted, cold and wet, I was often on the point of abandoning my hopes, and letting myself drop into the water; but as I cast my eye towards the outlet, and fancied I descried more plainly the reflection of the stars beyond it, the love of life and hope nerved me on to new exertions. At length the wide fiord gleamed before me,—the tide was now ebbing,—my exertions were of no farther use,—I was carried rapidly down the fiord; and, as morning was beginning to streak the sky, the trunk grounded upon the sand of a low and sheltered creak, not a league distant from my own dwelling. Exhausted, almost helpless, I

* In Norway, I have frequently seen Jupiter cast a shadow.

threw myself upon the ground, and instantly fell asleep. When I awoke, the day was far advanced; it had been warm and sunshiny, for I was dry—but cold, and nearly incapable of motion. With difficulty I clambered up the shelving bank, and approached my own house; Scholberg stood upon the terrace; I was close to him before he perceived me,—he was writing in a memorandum-book with a pencil. 'Scholberg!' I said,—he raised his eyes, and uttering a fearful yell, flew from me with the speed of lightning to the edge of the cliff, and sprung into the flood below!—thus meeting the fate he had intended for me. My story is told; Agnes, struck with the crime and dreadful retribution exercised upon her husband, never smiled more; and I am now left alone with her motherless children."

The old man ceased,—one tear rolled down his furrowed cheek,—I held out my hand to him, and turned away; and, as I went on my journey, I found my eyes grow dim, when I thought of the solitary old man.

CHAPTER IV.

Charles XII. and Frederickshall—A Digression upon Military Glory.

It was a calm evening, in the latter end of September, when I skirted the narrow sea-creek, that runs up to Frederickshall. On one side of the road, precipitous cliffs rose, covered with wood, gilded by the declining sun; on the other side, the little bay slept, quiet as the rocks that sheltered it. Some fishing boats leaned motionless upon its tranquil bosom—so tranquil, that the transient circle formed by the light dip of the sea-fowl's wing, was seen half-way across. Before me, rose the impregnable rock and castle of Frederickshall; as I advanced onwards, the lower cliffs were gradually left in shade, until at last, the highest battlements only reflected the sun-beams.

Frederickshall possesses no other attraction than that which is derived from him,

> Who left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Anxious to depart next morning, I found little difficulty in prevailing upon the sentinel (although contrary to the usual practice), to admit me that evening to the castle, to see the death-place of Charles XII. An obelisk has been raised, by the direction of Bernadotte, upon the identical spot where he fell. It is surrounded by a double row of cypress trees, and an avenue, bordered by the same funereal shrub, leads from the obelisk to the battery, from whence the cannon ball that terminated his career is supposed to have come. Upon the pillar, itself, there is inscribed no name, — only these words, "In the fight against Frederickshall."

There is no species of fame so universally recognised, nor any so easily earned, as that of a warrior; and, unlike every other species of fame, far from being in proportion to the benefits conferred upon mankind, it is, in many instances, in an inverse ratio to them. Few will be inclined to rank among the benefactors of mankind, Alexander, Cæsar, Charles of Sweden, or Napoleon,—

and yet, these names are as legibly written in the rolls of fame as the names of others, whose warlike achievements have enlarged the empire of freedom, or confirmed the reign of true religion. Nor does the fame of the warrior depend, in any great degree, upon his success. The philosopher who has spent a lifetime in laborious but fruitless inquiry, does not enjoy the same reputation as him who, with less labour, and possibly less talent, has added something to the catalogue of discovery; but in war, the vanquished has often as high a reputation as the vanquisher,—and the disastrous termination of a campaign, detracts nothing from the fame of the general who has fought it well. Hannibal enjoys the reputation of having been one of the greatest captains of antiquity, though he was eventually driven out of Italy, — the defeat of Pharsalia did not lessen the renown of Pompey, nor the battle of Pultowa that of Charles of Sweden. There is, still, another curious fact respecting military fame; it has no existing record; — the sculptor has his marble, — the painter his canvas, — the poet his multiplied volume; but if we ask for the monuments of Cæsar's, or Napoleon's military prowess, they are nowhere to be found. Victory upon victory extended the boundaries of their respective empires; but, in a little while, other warriors estab-

lished a new reputation on the ruins of their conquests, and the fruits of the many years upon which their military renown had been built, fell before the events of a single day ; contemplate, too, the easy price at which the warrior obtains his honours. A year,—a month,—sometimes even a single day secures a reputation, that the lapse of a thousand years will hardly efface. Contrast this with the long labours of a Milton, or the unwearied researches of a Newton. Consider, moreover, that the reward of the warrior is immediate, and his fame unconfined by place. The philosopher makes his discovery, but it has yet to be promulgated and accepted ; he has to contend with prejudice and jealousies, and his immortality, perhaps, does not begin until he ceases to be mortal. The poet lays down his pen,—he has accomplished his work, but fame is not the immediate consequence ; he, again, is more than commonly favoured, if a gleam of posthumous fame cheer him on his death-bed. Far otherwise is it with the warrior. From the moment of victory he dates the commencement of his fame. At the very instant, when he says within himself, " I have done my task ;" trumpets, and drums, and cannon, and a thousand voices are the triumphant witnesses of his glory, and attest aloud the truth of his internal conviction.

It is surely an ill-placed devotion that is rendered to the memory of the warrior; for, although in what the world calls deeds of glory, and in "the pomp and circumstance" of war, there is a glitter always attractive to weak minds, and catching even to the strongest; yet, when we view war in its detail,—when we contemplate the individual misery which it occasions; the sudden desolation with which it blasts many a peaceful bosom; and the tears that are shed for "the loved, the lost, the distant, and the dead," we are inclined almost to execrate the names we had been accustomed to venerate. But in the character of Charles of Sweden, there is something so romantic, that we are more apt to regard him as a hero of romance than as a bloody warrior; and when I stood within the shade of the cypress trees that wave over the simple record of his fall, I could not help catching a portion of that enthusiasm that once so kindled within him, and which is irresistibly awakened upon the spot where it was quenched for ever.

Here fell th' enthusiast, "the Swede!"
The spot, these cypress trees surround;
And though mine be no warrior's creed,
I feel I tread no common ground.

That little pillar bears no name,
  It needeth none where he did fall;
It only marks the spot where fame
  Linked with his memory, Frederickshall!

His name! oh, it is written there
  Eternal on that rocky wall;
No more this obelisk need bear,
  Than "in the fight of Frederickshall!"

END OF VOL. I.

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